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# MANUAL FOR THE KINDERGARTEN

*Including*

*I. General Helps and Hints for the Teacher*

*II. Bible Stories*

BY

FLORENCE H. TOWNE

ERIE CHAPEL INSTITUTE, CHICAGO



*Edited by John T. Faris, D. D.*

PHILADELPHIA

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION  
AND SABBATH SCHOOL WORK

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## FOREWORD

This manual for the Daily Vacation Bible School Kindergarten is one of the products of the author's busy and successful experience in actual work with Polish and Italian children in a typical immigrant community in Chicago. Miss Towne has the happy faculty of learning how to deal with children, of passing on to other teachers what she has learned in her own kindergarten, and of interpreting in the language of the child the stories from the Bible.



## INTRODUCTORY

In the first manual, the stories, songs, and materials presented were planned with one definite aim in mind, to bring Jesus so simply and naturally into the stories of home life that he would seem close to the children's interests and experiences, and would become so real to them that prayer, talking with him would become a natural and joyous experience.

All the strength, beauty, and power of the Christian life depend upon two great fundamental but very simple things, "talking to our Father," and listening to, and obeying the call of his voice. Therefore, for the second group of stories, this theme has been chosen, "Listening to the Father's Voice." If these two fundamental truths are planted deep and faithfully in the hearts of our children, at this beginning of the spiritual life, they will be the foundation from which will unfold and grow all their future Christian experience and faith. We need not fear for the steadiness of the little feet on the path toward heavenly places if we are faithful in this beginning time.

For the first two weeks stories have been chosen from the Old Testament, where the Father, brooding over the world in infinite love, kept calling to his children, trying to lead and direct them in the right way. The stories of Samuel, David, Moses, Daniel, Elijah,

and Naaman the leper, have been chosen because it is thought that these are among the stories close to the little child's life and experience.

These stories tell of those who listened to the Father's call. But so many forgot to listen, and God, knowing that the people needed some one who could come to them and talk with them, as they talked with one another, some one whom they could touch with their hands, and into whose face they could look, planned to come to them in the person of his Son. He came as a little child into a humble home, tempted in all things like as we, that we might know he can understand every burden or sorrow or temptation that may at any time come to any of us.

The stories of the third week tell of the coming of the Saviour. First the message came to the people by the voice of the prophet Isaiah. Then the word came to Mary, in the visit of an angel at her quiet home in Nazareth. Finally it came to the shepherds that glorious night when the stars and angels sang together.

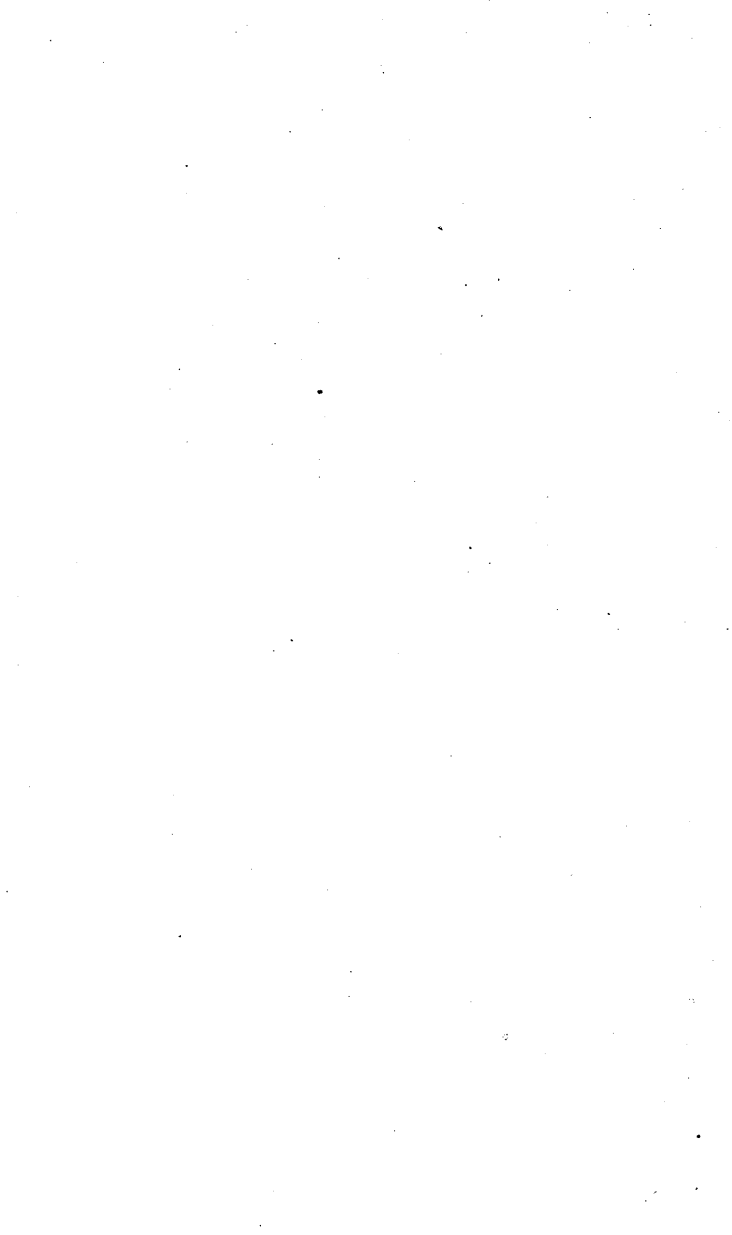
For the fourth week there are suggested three stories where God in Christ talked directly to his children, calling them to follow him. These are the stories of Jesus and the children, of the sheep that did not listen to the Shepherd's voice, and of Jesus' last talk with Peter.

During the fifth week the stories tell of the Father's voice as he guides and directs and broods over the world of nature and cares for each tiny, feathered creature. Why do we so seldom see a ragged bird or a crumpled flower? Is it because the flowers and birds

obey perfectly God's voice? Our Father meant our lives to be perfect, too, but there cannot be a perfect life without perfect obedience to the Father's voice.

The sixth week the stories tell of the Father's voice as he calls to us to-day. There are four stories suggested for this week. The first two can be used best, perhaps, in the mission type of school. Joe and Jennie are real little children in our own kindergarten, and the stories are true stories of real experiences. The last two stories are also true, but are planned more for schools operating in the better districts where some simple missionary stories are often desired. They deal with our responsibility of listening to God's voice and obeying God's call and so helping him to care for the needs of the world.





## I

# GENERAL HELPS AND HINTS FOR THE TEACHER

## I. IN ANSWER TO RETURNED QUESTIONNAIRES

The effort has been made to embody in the new manual as far as possible the suggestions of those who have replied to the questionnaires concerning the first series of lessons. Practically all who replied felt that four stories a week offered too much material for the kindergarten, so the new manual suggests but three. Several kindergarteners felt that the Bible stories could not be used effectively in the kindergarten, and preferred to substitute fairy stories or Mother Goose jingles. All who understand the psychology of childhood appreciate the need in the child's life for fun, and the play of imagination, and the author would not withhold these things from him. But there is another hunger in the heart of a little child, a hunger that grows in intensity through life—the hunger for spiritual things, to give oneself in surrender to the Father's love. To arouse and feed this hunger is the great business of the Daily Vacation Bible School of which the kindergarten is a part. If we accept our high trust as teachers in the Daily Vacation Bible School Kindergarten, we must be loyal to the requirements and faith-

ful to our task. Little Mother Goose jingles and fairy tales can be used with splendid results, but the emphasis of our work must be such that the spiritual hunger of the little child will be awakened and fed.

Let me illustrate the wrong tendency in some of our kindergartners. One day, while I was visiting a young kindergartner, she pointed with pride to some splendid little clay objects, the three goats, Gruff, and the bridge. "We told that story yesterday," she said. "To-day I told the story of 'The Three Bears,' and to-morrow, I plan to tell 'Cinderella.' I find the children just love these fairy stories."

So they do, dear kindergartners, but you are not being true to your trust if you place the emphasis anywhere except on Jesus Christ as he appeals to little child life. The so-called social settlements are doing a splendid work, but our neighborhoods will never be changed until the hearts of the men, women, and children living there are changed, and their hearts will never be changed until they feel the touch of Jesus Christ.

The spiritual life of a little child is wonderfully delicate. Its development in the right way calls for our most careful thought and study and prayer. It is easier to neglect this spiritual need, and persuade ourselves that the little child will get what he needs out of the spirit of our play. But does he? Is it because the spiritual development of our little children has been neglected that the world is so full of fine young people who are morally sound, but without deep spiritual life?

Several, in answering the questionnaires, asked for

more games, more suggestions for songs, more nature work, and more in regard to the spirit of the kindergarten. I have tried, in the new manual, to meet these needs.

Others felt that the handwork was too complicated for the youngest children and desired something more simple. Little two-and-a-half- and three-year-olds are really too young for the kindergarten. If it is necessary that you enroll them at that age, it would seem best to put them by themselves. If you are not able to provide a sand pile or sand table for them, let them play with blocks or balls, or let them tear newspapers into pretty shapes. Or, if you have access to the kindergarten gifts, how would it do to play with the peg boards or string the second gift beads?

The handwork suggested in last year's manual for the youngest group is really very simple, and has been carried out readily by our four-year-olds. However, I think the desire among some kindergartners is not so much for the growing piece of work, culminating in some special exhibit, but for some handwork complete in itself each day. But we must not plan isolated bits of work with no special thought of development from day to day or connection with story material. And we must avoid the danger of jumping from one material to another without growing in the skillful handling of any one material. An example of such haphazard planning was shown in one kindergarten where baskets from wall paper were made one day, while the story of "The Three Bears" was modeled in clay the next.

On the third day the children cut out scrap pictures, and on the fourth and fifth days they painted bluebirds and folded paper fans!

I have tried in the new manual to meet the need for a different type of handwork, and, at the same time, to avoid danger by suggesting shorter problems, so planned that they have some relation to the subject and also so that one day's work grows in some way out of that of the previous day.

It is impossible to give patterns in this manual. Almost every kindergartner has simple patterns that can be used in following out these handwork suggestions. If, however, you are where you are unable to secure these, I shall be glad to send you what you need.

## 2. THE PERSONALITY AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE TEACHER

The spirit of the kindergarten, as suggested in the first manual, depends largely upon the spiritual personality of the kindergartner. The teacher of little children must live very close to the heavenly Father that she may not in any way, by word or deed, be a stumblingblock to the little feet that have been given to her to guide. The first impressions of the little child last all through life. The kindergarten must be a place where beauty is felt—beauty of touch, beauty of language, beauty of spirit. Froebel says: "You must keep holy the being of a little child. Protect it from every rough or rude impression. A touch, a sound, a look, is often sufficient to inflict savage wounds." The

kindergartner must radiate joy, tenderness, sympathy, helpfulness, through her touch, her smile, her conversation. Touch is a beautiful gift. She must avoid handling and pushing the children. One of the greatest lessons that our young girl helpers have to learn is to keep from handling the children, to avoid pushing them in, and pulling them out of their chairs; to keep hands off unless the use of hands is absolutely necessary. Many kindergartners count or choose a child by tapping him on the head or the back. Why not try touching him lightly with a long feather or a flower or a fern? It is so much nicer to be changed into a brownie or a sparrow or a snowflake in this way!

Perhaps the kindergartner must watch even more carefully to keep her language beautiful. Let me illustrate. In going through the rooms of one of our Sunday schools, I came upon two teachers deep in conversation at the door of the Primary room. I stopped a moment. As I waited a little child, seeing his teacher, slipped up to her, tucked his little hand into hers, and waited beside her. The teacher, engrossed in what was on her mind, did not even feel the little hand. I do not know what the conversation was all about, but the teacher seemed angry over some fancied injustice (one of those little things that creep into our hearts and take away our joy and mar our helpfulness.) A sharp, angry word fell from her lips, and quickly, with a look of hurt surprise, the little child looked up into her face, just for a moment. Seeing no answering smile, he dropped her hand and went on his way into the Pri-

mary room. I doubt if the teacher even knew that the little child was there, and never thought that a little life that had stolen up close to her for inspiration had gone away hurt and disappointed.

The scene brought back to me a similar incident in my own little child life which I have never forgotten because of the deep impression it made. I was not a tiny child at the time, probably eight or nine. I remember sitting in class one Sunday beside my teacher, who was for me the embodiment of everything good and beautiful. As I reached out one little hand and softly stroked the folds of her black silk dress, I remember thinking how wonderful it would be to be like her, how close she must be to the heavenly Father, how he must love her, and how wonderful it would be to be near her all the time as her sisters were. Unconscious of a little child's adoration, she suddenly turned around and looked back where she had seated some friends who had come with her that day. "Look at my friends rubberin' around here at me," she whispered. "Wonder what they see?" As fairy palaces fall with a crash, so fell my ideal, and left a queer, disappointed, hurt place in my heart. That rough speech was not part of the beautiful ideal that had been guiding my life like a shining star. From that day, an influence my teacher had over my life ceased. That wasn't fair, I know, but a child with a shattered ideal does not stop to think of that, as we grown-up people must.

As we work with our little children in the Daily

Vacation Bible School kindergarten, let us not forget that our stories, our games, our songs, will never mean anything to the children, no matter how carefully they are planned, if our own lives, because of lack of poise and beauty, are a stumblingblock in their path.

### 3. HOW THE STUDY OF THE CHILDREN'S BODIES HELPS DISCIPLINE

The soul of a little child is more tender than the tenderest plant. Then how very careful we must be, into whose hands has been given the training of the little child at the most important time of his life, the beginning time! Discipline is often a problem in many kindergartens, especially in those that are crowded with children of foreign parentage, who have had no training, or worse than no training, at home. We not only must begin at the beginning with our training; but often we must undo serious wrong that has already been wrought.

The wise kindergartner will be very firm in expecting obedience, even in the smallest things, for the lesson of obedience is the foundation stone which must be laid before a building of any worth can be built. Kindergartners must not be satisfied with anything less than perfect obedience. Not "because I say so," do it, but "because it is right," should be our plea for obedience. If the habit of obedience is learned early at home or in the kindergarten, it will be easier for our child to learn the lesson of obedience to the Father's voice all through life.



Once is generally enough to speak to a little child if you are sure your request was perfectly clear to him. Continued repetition of the request is weakening; it accomplishes nothing and only gives him a wrong idea of obedience. Speak once, and, if there is no response from the little child, it is time to do something, not talk about doing it. For instance, if a little child continues to kick at the legs of a table after he has been asked not to do so, the wise kindergartner quietly leads him away from the table and lets him work that day in a corner by himself without a table.

One must avoid repeating the same punishment day after day for the same offense, or it loses its force. The punishment that takes the little child by surprise leaves the deepest impression and is most effective. The children in one of our kindergartens were sitting quietly at the table waiting to march to the play circle when a six-year-old suddenly left his chair and, running to a post at one end of the room, began to twist and circle around it. The kindergartner, seeming not in the least disturbed, said, "John, we are all going into the gymnasium to play, but you are not ready, so you may stay and play around the post alone." Of course John wanted to go, too; the kindergartner knew how he liked to play in the gymnasium. The other children passed out and John continued his aimless play about the post; but he learned his lesson. Another laddie, who seemed possessed of a desire to punch and annoy every child within reach of him, was quietly asked to take his little chair over in a corner behind the piano, where a

soft cushion was suspended by a stout cord. This he was told to punch just as often and as hard as he wished. It soon grew very tiresome and he begged to be allowed to stop, but he was kept at the task until the teacher felt sure that he had learned his lesson.

Although the kindergartner must be very firm in expecting obedience, at the same time she will try to make "being good" so attractive that the majority of the children will respond eagerly to her suggestions. Did you ever hear the story of the mother who was troubled because she could not get her little boy to put away his toys? "John," she said severely, "go put away your toys." But he only hung his head. Then the play angel came. Her face radiated joy. "Come," she called joyously, "let's put away these toys!" and John ran forward eagerly and did not know that he put them away all alone, that the angel just stood by and watched with a glad look in her eyes.

If the kindergartner will radiate happiness and keep her little flock busy doing something, she will have little trouble with the discipline of the kindergarten.

There are, however, in every kindergarten, little souls that seem to come all tied in knots to be smoothed out. Often the knots never get untied and are even drawn tighter, because from the beginning the child is misunderstood. Some of the most serious mistakes are made because of lack of understanding, the memory of which the little child often carries all through life. How shall we understand these difficult little souls, the so-called unattractive, stubborn, naughty chil-

dren? The wise kindergartner knows that the soul of a little child can be read through his body. The body will tell so much that she cannot learn any other way if she will only keep her eyes open and let it be her guide. When the little child for some reason is naughty, sulky, or stubborn, either without apparent reason or because of some punishment, slip your arm quietly around his waist as you are talking to him. Very gently try to pull the little body toward you. If it yields the least bit, if the head droops, the child is getting ready to tell you more and you will know how best to encourage him to come closer. But if the body remains rigid and will not yield, if the head is bowed in front, and the hands are twisted behind the back, the child has not yet won his battle and must be left alone a while longer. No word from him is needed to tell the teacher that he is not ready.

I have seen teachers spend a precious half hour trying to make a little child say, "I am sorry," and then consider that the victory is won because the words were forced from him. In one such instance a little lad, who was sent home in what his teacher thought was a truly repentant spirit, ran from the room with flashing eyes, calling back at the teacher, through choking sobs, "I hate this old kindergarten; I'm never coming any more." The teacher looked after him helplessly. If she had let his body tell her the condition of his soul, she could have made no mistake.

It is hard sometimes to say "I am sorry." A little child may feel it long before he is able to say it. Is it

not likewise true of us? We can do something to show we are sorry when perhaps we are unable at the time to say it in so many words.

If the yielding of the little body toward you tells you that your child is ready to try to make things right, hold out your hand toward the child with the words, "If you are sorry, Joseph, put your hand in Miss Mary's and then she will know." Slowly the little hand creeps around. (Watch it.) Sometimes, after the hand has started, it is jerked back fearfully, as if the child is not quite sure of himself, but when it is finally laid relaxed in the teacher's hand she knows that the little soul is at peace. There is no possibility for mistake here, and good-bys are said with a happy heart, possibly after the child has been asked to run some little errand of love, or, as is necessary in many cases, to make good the damage he has done in his moment of anger—to pick up the overturned chair or get down the tool box and repair the broken toy.

A teacher often confuses the sensitive, shy child with the stubborn child. You have thought him naughty, perhaps? Slip your arm about his waist. If his body is relaxed, if his head leans toward you as if to droop on your shoulder, you have made a mistake. Very gently try to find out the trouble. He needs, perhaps, an extra supply of love and encouragement which you are there to give.

It may also be helpful to detect these things in the play circle. In every kindergarten it is a common occurrence to have a little child hold back on the ring and

refuse to play. The stubborn child, when taken by the hand and pressed into the game, will be apt to relax suddenly and enter into the fun with the rest. The self-conscious, oversensitive child, happy enough watching the fun of the others from his own little corner, is terrified at being urged forward and generally bursts into tears. How can we tell these two types apart? The sensitive child stands with sinking chest and drooping head, while the chest of the stubborn child is expanded. The wise kindergartner watches the little child's body carefully at all times. If the cheeks are flushed and the eyes are unduly bright she knows that something is wrong. The kindergarten play has been too exciting, perhaps. If the children seem listless and inattentive, it may be that the air in the room is growing close. Nothing is so needed in the kindergarten and is so often neglected as an abundance of fresh, pure air.

Restlessness in individual children may also be due to wrong bodily habits. Children whose clothing is too tight or whose little bodies are not kept clean often contract the very harmful habit of handling themselves. Every kindergartner should be fully informed as to the serious results of such habits and should watch her children carefully. Girls in varying condition of life who have gone astray have said their temptation began in this way when they were but little children. Others have kept their purity but have contracted mental weakness and have helped to fill our insane asylums. Constant watchfulness and a quick, firm but loving word

on the part of the kindergartner will often break up this habit before it has grown to any serious extent.

I have found many kindergartners ignorant even as to the existence of such a habit among little children and its attending injury to body, mind, and spirit. Therefore they are not on guard, and the child often leaves the kindergarten with the habit uncorrected. As the child grows older, there is less chance of discovering the habit and correcting it. The responsibility rests with the kindergartner. Kindergartners who wish more information in regard to this may read Dr. Mary Wood Allen's book, "What a Young Girl Ought to Know." The material is to be found in "Twilight Talks," Number 9.

#### 4. "HABIT TALKS"

Two or three kindergartners, in answering the questionnaire, spoke of their need of little talks on kindness, courtesy, and truthfulness. In the kindergarten we can best teach these ethical principles either through stories or through actually playing about them. "Songs of a Little Child's Day," by Emilie Poulsson, gives several little songs, each of them devoted to one of these qualities in the life of a little child. There is Bobbie Bumble, who never cries when he tumbles; Paul Polite, who always lifts his cap; Little Miss Careful, who is careful in her play with her toys; Little Miss Obedience, who runs quickly when mother calls, and others. I have found these of utmost value in teaching these fundamental qualities. To stimulate the interest and

bring the play idea closer to the little child through the handling of real things, I bought some cheap little dolls, dressing them as Bobbie Bumble, Paul Polite, and others. These I brought out one by one as the story was told about them and the song sung. Some little child then generally asks, "Can we play about it?" And they make up the game in their own way.

The children's own games are of far more value as a rule than those we teach to them, for they give an opportunity for self-expression and the little child learns and grows through doing, through trying his powers, through thinking out his problems. The danger in many kindergartens, and advanced schools as well, is that of talking at the children or presenting our own ideas to them, almost entirely, instead of giving them an opportunity to express their individuality, to use the hidden power within them which God has planted in each new life as a sleeping seed with wonderful power to awake and unfold and grow. Jesus says, "He that believeth on me, . . . greater than these shall he do." The world needs strong Christian leaders. Are we helping our children to become conscious of this power within them by giving them opportunity to express their thoughts, to reach out their little feelers in all directions, to learn by doing, or are we crippling their powers through letting them lie idle and unused? There is a large public-school kindergarten in one of the foreign sections of our city under the care of two earnest Christian women. I dropped in one day to find sixty little children sitting solemnly in a circle. No one spoke with-

out being invited to, no one laughed, no one showed any eagerness, any enthusiasm, or offered any suggestions. No one even smiled during the hour that I was in the room. Everything was planned and mapped out for them. There was no opportunity for any individual expression, but the discipline was perfect. As I left I remarked to the teacher in charge on the wonderful stillness of the room. "Yes," she said with pride, "that's what the children are here for. They know they have to be quiet. This is a public school, you know." But as I walked down the hall I wondered if we are in this business for the outward, orderly appearance of a room or for the growth of little, individual souls.

Do not think that I underestimate for one moment the importance of discipline! I have spoken of that more fully under another heading. I would suggest, however, that we all test our kindergartens with these three questions: Are the children obedient? Are the children happy? Are the children growing under our care, physically, mentally, and spiritually?

To come back to the actual playing out of our little games, embodying the qualities which we desire for our children. The children generally play Bobbie Bumble by selecting one child, who runs and skips and finally tumbles, only to get up with a bright smile, and rub his bumps. We sing the song as we play.

Paul Polite has been worked out more elaborately. Several little boys are chosen as Paul Polites and run to get their caps. The kindergarten circle is the car



track and a street car is made from six or eight children, with their arms around one another's waists. As the car moves around the circle, any child or teacher may stop it by uplifted hand, and get on. It is generally, however, when the teacher gets on that the game is made, for the little group of Paul Polites are waiting for her at the "corner." The car stops, and out steps the teacher. "Good morning," call all the Paul Polites, and, as they run to meet her, off comes every cap. Then they all walk together to the kindergarten (some corner of the room), or, if all the teachers have not yet come, they wait on the corner for the car to come around again. The children never tire of this game, and the result is that when the teachers come down our real street each morning to kindergarten, even the little four-year-old rarely forgets to lift his cap. It is such fun to be a Paul Polite. They try to be Paul Polites in kindergarten, too, running to get a chair for a teacher, picking up something that has dropped, running to shut the cupboard door, or helping some younger child. We often stop in the middle of our play to sing the song to a Paul Polite, who thinks to do some kindly deed, substituting the child's name for Paul Polite, as we sing. This always brings a glad, proud, happy look into the eyes of our polite child.

The children have played about "Little Miss Obedient," in this way. One child is chosen mother, and another child become "Little Miss Obedient." Miss Obedient goes out to play, and the mother ties on her apron and goes to work in the kitchen. Then perhaps

the mother remembers some errand which she wants done at the store. She goes to the door and calls Obedient, often using notes on the piano selected for a clear, musical call. Obedient does not wait a moment, but comes running very fast and, as she comes, we sing our song.

In the game of "Little Miss Useful" a child, "Useful," walks around the room, finding little things to do, while we sing about her. Sometimes, while the children shut their eyes, we drop little things around the room and leave toys and hats and coats out of place to suggest ways of helping.

Besides the little games, ethical problems often arise in the kindergarten and must be solved quickly as part of the discipline of the kindergarten. The variation of the ways in which some of these problems have been solved may be helpful to you, and so I pass them on.

Perhaps every kindergartner has difficulty with the little child who takes things, the kindergarten material, toys belonging to the other children, and even money. Acquisitiveness, we are told, is a natural instinct of every little child, but the instinct must be rightly trained, or it results disastrously. The plan which I have used, working it out one day when a special problem of this sort had to be solved, has never yet failed so to drive home the truth into the heart of our little child, as to keep him from ever repeating the offense.

We have been using the crayons, and when the time comes to put away our work, a piece of red crayon is missing. Cheerily I suggest that we look for it, "for,

of course," I say, "no one would keep what belongs to the kindergarten. Perhaps it has slipped into some one's lap." As I talk I go around the table, furtively patting each little pocket and bulging blouse to see if I can locate the missing chalk. I find it finally in John's pocket. The drooping head and the position of his hands would have told me that he was the guilty child, even if nothing else had done so. But John, clinging to the chalk, sturdily insists that it is his. He may even go to the extent of telling just how his mother or father or big brother bought it at some store for him. It is unmistakably the kindergarten red chalk. Of that, of course, I must be sure, and so we decide to wait and talk about it after kindergarten. When the other children have gone, we sit down at the table in the quiet room, and I bring out the chalk. "Whose chalk is it, John?" I ask quietly. "Mine," he protests vigorously, and I almost think I must be mistaken. Then I look to see what our little boy wears that perhaps is most dear to him. It may be a pair of new black shoes, or a lovely red tie. No matter how forlorn and scanty the wearing apparel of our little child may be, his clothes, his shoes, the little tie or the dirty badge or button he is wearing, are all very precious to him. Perhaps I decide that the little bit of faded ribbon which he proudly calls his tie must be sacrificed and I begin to unfasten it slowly. "This is mine, John," I say very slowly and steadily. [It is not easy to do this; how my heart aches for the pitiful little object in front of me!] "I shall have to wear this. I think I shall fold it up and put

it in the kindergarten cupboard right now." A pitiful look comes into the little eyes, the hands go up to hold fast to the precious tie, the eyes fill with tears and the sobbing words come, "It's mine tie, mine mama bought it at the store, it's mine tie."

Sometimes the little hands must be unclasped and the precious article removed, but it is not often that the teacher needs to go so far. The first sign of grief on the part of the little child is her clue. She must know the critical moment to stop and change her tactics. At the right moment I lift up the bit of red chalk and ask, "Whose chalk is this, John?" Without a moment's hesitation come the words, "Yours" or "Kindergarten chalk." Willingly enough, he drops it into its box on the table. The lesson is learned! Then very tenderly, I retie the little ribbon that "mine mama" bought, under the little chin, and as I arrange it I say: "Yes, John, I know this is your tie. It is a beautiful tie, isn't it? I wouldn't take your tie, of course, because it is yours, and so the chalk belongs to the kindergarten, doesn't it? If some little child had no chalk to use to-morrow, he would feel as badly as you did about your tie. Miss Florence took the tie for a minute, just to show you how badly that other child would feel." Then, to emphasize the lesson, I point to the little garments he wears, to my own white apron, my tie, and gold pin, and to several articles in the kindergarten cupboard, asking of each one, "Whose is this?" The answers come quickly. The lesson has gone very deep.

Generally, after we have said good-by, our little boy returns with a bent hairpin or a scrap of paper or a little old pencil stub which he has picked up in the hall and which "belongs to the kindergarten." I thank him, he smiles up into my face, and then skips away home.

Another bad habit which often has to be handled in the kindergarten is that of telling tales. The look of self-righteous delight in the child's face when he has the opportunity of telling of the wrong conduct of another child, is to be deplored. On the other hand, there are times when we want the children to tell us things, for it is important that we find them out in some way, often for our protection or for the child's own good.

How shall we discriminate between the occasions for telling and not telling, in the heart of the little child? I have found that this plan worked with my group. I have said: "Dears, if it is something that you think I can help and can straighten out, right now, tell me, but if it is a little thing that is past and too late to help, why tell about it? It does not make any of us happy to hear about it."

Lying is often another difficulty in our kindergarten, especially where it is necessary to deal with children who are so filled with a fear of punishment that they resort to anything rather than to tell the truth. In dealing with such children, the only solution of the problem is to try to win their confidence through sympathy and gentleness, and, because the first effort to form the habit of truthfulness is so hard, a little suggestion from the teacher will help to make the telling

easier. For example, I say: "Wasn't it this way, my dear? You did not mean to break the doll? Yes, I know, but when you were skipping with it, did it drop? How was it? Can you not tell me? Try." My arm is around the little body as I talk, and I try to get one of the little hands in mine. The language of the body will help you as well as the language of the lips to know the truth. When the truth has been told, no punishment follows, as the child had dreaded, but you suggest gently that she mend the broken dolly, if possible, and be more careful next time. Another day, if an accident should happen, it is going to be easier to bring the toy to you and lay it in your hands, explaining all about it.

Cleanliness is another virtue which we must often work for, especially in the kindergartens filled with the lower classes of little foreign children. The story of the "Pig Brother," by Laura E. Richards, found in many story collections, is a story that never fails to bring desired results. The story of "the little boy who forgot to wash his face," is also very helpful; it is to be found in "Story-Telling Time," by Miss Danielson. The children will delight to give the baby doll a bath or wash and iron its little clothes, and in this way learn the pleasure of cleanly habits.

## 5. SONGS

The songs for the Daily Vacation Bible School kindergarten should be very short and very simple. It is better to have two or three songs which all the children

know, than a great variety which only a few can sing. Be sure that the words of your songs are simple enough for the understanding of the smallest child. The kindergartner can often make over a song, substituting simpler words, if this is desirable in all other ways. I remember as a little child standing in my place and singing joyously "Sweet bananas, sweet bananas, to the name of Jesus sing." As a much older child the only picture that came to me when we sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was that of the Catholic sisters in their stiff bonnets and heavy black gowns. I had been told they were "Sisters of Charity" and that was the only connection that I could make with the words of the song, "One in hope and doctrine, one in charity."

Prayer is talking to our Father. The best prayer is the prayer which the child puts in his own words. And so with our songs. Choose those that are in the language of the little child's experience.

Several kindergartners who have not access to any great variety of kindergarten songbooks, but must purchase whatever is used, have asked for the names of one or two books to which they might confine themselves in selecting the songs for the kindergarten. For the help of such kindergartners I would suggest as perhaps the two best books, "Songs for Little People," by Danielson and Conant, published by the Pilgrim Press, and "Melodies for Children's Voices," a small, paper-covered book, price twenty-five cents, and published by the Leyda Publishing Company. The following

songs, selected in reference to the theme of each week, are taken from these two books:

### FIRST WEEK

Father, hear thy little children,  
While to thee we pray.  
—*"Melodies," page 21.*

Every morning seems to say,  
"There's something happy on the way  
And God sends love to you."  
—*"Melodies," page 9.*

### SECOND WEEK

I cannot do great things for him  
Who did so much for me,  
But I should like to show my love,  
Dear Jesus, unto thee.  
—*"Songs for Little People," page 24.*

Lord, who lovest little children,  
Hear us as we pray to thee.  
—*"Songs for Little People," page 17.*

### THIRD WEEK

As the story of Isaiah and his prophecies is told, sing to or have sung to the children if possible, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd," from Handel's "Messiah." The children may recall one of their old Christmas songs that tells the story of the birth of the little Christ-child, or, if the little group is one that is altogether new, and therefore has no background, the



"Story of the Wise Men," "Melodies," page 56, may be used.

#### FOURTH WEEK

Suffer little children, and forbid them not.

—"*Songs for Little People*," page 32.

"Love one another,"

Thus saith the Saviour.

—"*Melodies*," page 48.

Be ye kind one to another.

—"*Songs for Little People*," page 33.

#### FIFTH WEEK

Each little flower holds up its cup

To catch the rain and dew.

—"*Melodies*," page 46.

Happy little song bird,

Home up in the tree,

God the heavenly Father,

Giveth food to thee.

—"*Melodies*," page 39.

#### SIXTH WEEK

We have so much to thank thee for,

Our heavenly Father dear.

—"*Melodies*," page 51.

It is not supposed that two new songs will be learned each week, but enough are given so that the teacher may select those which best meet her need. A group of songs in Emilie Poulsson's book, "*Songs of a Little*

Child's Day," are also suggested for use under "Habit Talks." These songs are short and simple and child-like and are excellent for their emphasis upon certain qualities of character that are found in the lovable little child.

## 6. PICTURES

The pictures suggested for use in connection with the Bible stories are listed below in one group, to facilitate ordering. The name of the picture, the artist, and the catalogue number are all given, but, when sending in your order, it is sufficient to give the number alone. The majority of the pictures are from Brown's collection and can be secured for a cent each either from George P. Brown & Company, 38 Lovett Street, Beverly, Massachusetts, or from Thomas Charles & Company, 2249 Calumet Avenue, Chicago. The pictures to whose numbers a star is affixed are larger and beautifully colored. They are published by the National Art Company, New York, and can be purchased at two cents each. The picture of the raven is found in a set of colored bird plates published by A. W. Mumford, Chicago, also priced at two cents each. Both these sets can also be obtained from Thomas Charles & Company.

In many cases pictures of the story chosen are not available or, if available, they are not pictures that would appeal to the interest of the little child. For this reason pictures were chosen that suggested the story in some way. For example, there seems to be no picture of the story of Elijah, so selection was made

from the bird plates of a picture of a black raven. For the story of Naaman and the little Syrian maid there was selected a picture of a little child who might represent the little maid. The last four pictures are "home" pictures, and their connection with the stories suggested for the last week will be easily seen as the stories are read.

In addition to these pictures every kindergartner probably has many others in her collection which she can use to enrich and add interest to her stories.

| <i>No.</i> | <i>Picture</i>                     | <i>Author</i>           |
|------------|------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 219        | The Infant Samuel.....             | Reynolds                |
| 2002       | Young David .....                  | Gardner                 |
| 1546       | The Wounded Lamb.....              | Meyer von Bremen        |
| 1431       | St. John and the Lamb.....         | Murillo                 |
| 2013       | The Finding of Moses.....          | Delaroche               |
| 1395       | Daniel in the Den of Lions.....    | Riviere                 |
| 176        | An Old Monarch.....                | Bonheur                 |
| 6336       | Raven Picture .....                | Mumford Collection      |
| 1550       | The Age of Innocence.....          | Reynolds                |
| 823        | Christ, the Good Shepherd.....     | Plockhorst              |
| 858        | Christ, the Good Shepherd.....     | Molitor                 |
| 1629       | The Madonna and Child.....         | Troschl                 |
| 1528       | The Annunciation.....              | Bouguereau              |
| 805        | The Annunciation .....             | Hofmann                 |
| 822        | Apparition to the Shepherds....    | Plockhorst              |
| 390        | Arrival of the Shepherds.....      | LeRolle                 |
| 1014       | Christ Blessing Little Children... | Hofmann                 |
| 808        | Christ Preaching from a Boat....   | Hofmann                 |
| 815        | "Behold, I Stand at the Door"      |                         |
|            | [Christ Knocking at the Door].     | Hofmann                 |
| 230        | Christ and the Fishermen.....      | Zimmerman               |
| 1739       | Robin Redbreasts.....              | Munier                  |
| 1889       | Spring .....                       | Knaus                   |
| 1562       | Child's Head.....                  | Voegel                  |
| 15618*     | The Doctor.....                    | National Art Co., N. Y. |
| 15612*     | Just a Little More.....            | National Art Co., N. Y. |
| 1425       | Going Home from School.....        | Bouguereau              |
| 202        | Madonna and Child (No. 1)....      | Gabriel Max             |

## 7. PLAYS AND GAMES

I have already spoken of games in suggesting how right habits can be "taught" in the kindergarten. Let it be remembered that it is of great importance that the children make their own games as much as possible, dramatizing the songs, stories, and little everyday experiences. If your story is told from the standpoint of the interest of the little child, he will enjoy playing it out, adding to it, perhaps, new ideas of his own.

Yet there is often a need for the prearranged game. So I am suggesting some of these, in addition to those already given in the first manual.

## GAMES FOR PHYSICAL ACTIVITY

One of the games I have found excellent because of the great activity it allows and the fun that goes with it, is a new way of playing tag. Two children with joined hands are chosen to be "catchers." These catchers may run anywhere after the others, but they may not drop hands; they may catch only with their free hands on either side. When a child is caught by either of the catchers, he is placed between them and the three, joining hands, continue the chase. As each new child is caught he is placed in the center of the line of catchers. The lengthening line renders movement more and more difficult, and the fun increases, and the skill necessary on the part of the catchers becomes greater. The game is at an end when every child is caught and in the line of catchers, which then breaks up, laughing

and out of breath. As all the children are active in this game all the time, the time of playing it is a good opportunity to throw open wide all the doors and windows and let in a flood of fresh, pure air.

Another game is good because it is possible for the entire group to play at one time. The kindergartner, running quickly around the circle, lightly touches the hand of every other child. The children whom she touches are asked to sit down on the circle, while the other children stand behind them. There should be one extra child without a "corner," and he runs into the center. The kindergartner then plays some gay little running, skipping, or hopping tune, and the standing children run, skip, or hop (according to the music) around behind the children seated on the circle. When the music stops suddenly, as it will, every child must try to find a place behind one of the children seated on the ring, and, as the child in the center runs also to find a place, some one will be left out as in the case of "pussy wants a corner." The first group of children are given several turns. Each time the nature of the music should change. Then they are asked to change places with those sitting in the ring, and the game goes on as before. Often, instead of the skipping, running music, I suggest that the children play that they are hopping rabbits or galloping horses or anything which they may decide upon themselves. This changes the activity, adds much fun, and renders the stopping suddenly a little more difficult.

A very simple game, but splendid for activity, and

very joyous, is played in connection with the following song:

"Heads and shoulders, knees and toes,  
Heads and shoulders, knees and toes,  
Heads and shoulders, knees and toes,  
And all skip 'round together."

The children stand in a ring, and, as they sing, touch heads, then shoulders, knees, and toes, trying, in touching the toes, not to bend the knees. Then, joining hands, they skip gayly around the ring, often repeating the melody to make a longer skip. I do not know where the music to this song can be found, but almost any melody that fits the words may be used. The music of "Here we go 'round the mulberry bush" is very similar.

The playing of another game which the children like is accompanied by the following little song couplet:

"A little girl [or boy] went out one day to play,  
She [he] played like this,  
And then she [he] ran away."

The children stand on the ring. As the song begins, one child runs into the center (whether it is a girl or a boy depends upon what is sung into the song). As she shows what "she played," jumping rope, rocking dolly, or playing tag, all on the circle play with her, stopping quickly as she runs back to the circle at the end of the song. This game is valuable for its activity, opportunity for self-expression, and training in quickness of movement.

## GAMES FOR SENSE TRAINING

There is a delightful sense game which I have found very helpful in training the child to listen. It also quickens his powers of observation and stimulates him to think and act quickly.

The kindergartner, looking around the circle at no one in particular apparently, says, very distinctly, "Let a little girl with a red dress and new brown shoes change places with a little boy with a dark blue waist and a beautiful red tie." Each child must discover if either of the descriptions fits him, and, if so, where the other child is, and must quickly run to his place, all in the one minute that is allowed for the game. The game may be continued as long as the children seem eager for it, sometimes letting the older children take the place of the kindergartner in choosing and describing.

In another sense game for the training of the ear, one child stands blindfolded in the center of the ring as we repeat together, suiting the action to the words: "Sometimes we're very low (stooping), sometimes we're very high (rising), sometimes we're low (again stooping), sometimes we're high." Then, quickly, deciding upon either a low or a high position, the leader calls out, "How are we now, high or low?" The blindfolded child can generally guess by the sound of the voice whether we are stooping or standing. We also vary the game by turning in and out on the circle using the words, "Sometimes we're facing in, sometimes we're facing out."

A third game for ear training is excellent in holding the attention of the entire group, even though only two children may play at one time. A child is sent into the center of the circle to shut his eyes and the kindergarten or another child chosen stands in front of him and gives three or four sounds, one after the other, in quick succession. The first child then opens his eyes and must reproduce the sounds in their correct order. A call of a bird, a whistle, a trill, a ring of a bell, a note on the piano, a clap of the hands, or the turning over of a chair—all these and many others add excitement and fun to the game.

Other sense games can be played in connection with the nature stories of the kindergarten. There is a great variety of these. Encourage the children to make up others of their own. They will enjoy them all the more because they were worked out by themselves.

A little garden can be made in the center of the ring, by placing there three or four vases, each containing a different flower. Kindergartners unable to get flowers may use weeds and grasses which grow in vacant lots. Dandelions may be secured for one vase, clover for another, grasses for a third, and silver burdock leaves for the fourth. These games are to help the children to become familiar with the form, color, and peculiarities of each little flower or weed, and be able to call each by its name.

One child shuts his eyes, and another goes into the "garden" and "picks" one of the group of flowers, carrying it away. The child, upon opening his eyes,



must tell which flower was picked and just where it grew in the garden bed. If he guesses correctly, the flower is brought back and another child is given a turn to guess.

Another puzzle is to change the flowers in the garden all around so that they are "growing" in different parts of it, and the child, upon opening his eyes, must "plant" them again in their original places.

Again, a child is asked to run out into the woods or garden where the flowers grow and pick three or four of any kind or color which he chooses. Having selected several from a table in one corner of the room, he runs quickly around the circle, holding what he has selected in his hands for the others to see. Then he hides them behind his back and some one must be ready to tell what they are. The same game can be played by putting the flowers in a cart, and drawing it rapidly around the circle close to the place where the children are sitting. Or the children may sit in the circle with hands behind them and the game may be played on the order of the "mystery man," letting the children guess the flower through the sense of touch.

### BALL GAMES

Every kindergarten should have in its possession as many different kinds of balls as possible, large rubber balls, tiny rubber balls, marbles, balloons, and, if possible, something that can be used for a football.

A game the children like is played with the tiny, hard rubber balls that can be purchased at any school store

for a penny each. Ten or twelve of these balls are needed for this game. One child sits in the center of the ring with a little basket and tries to catch, without moving from his place, as many of the balls as possible, while they are rolled rapidly past him from one child to another across the circle. If a ball in passing stops within the ring beyond the reach of the children on the ring and the child in the center, it must stay there until another ball sets it in motion again. The game is ended when there are no more balls in the hands of the children on the ring.

Balloon balls can be made by purchasing balloons for a few cents at any school store, blowing them into shape and tying the end with a piece of string. A game that is splendid for activity, skill, and quickness of movement is played by tossing the balloon above a group of six or eight children. They must keep the balloon from falling to the floor, blowing it upward as in the game with the feather, or striking at it gently with the back of the hand. The same game can be played by dividing the children into two sides and using balloons of two different colors. Each side must keep its own balloon from touching the floor.

## 8. SPECIAL FEATURES IN THE KINDERGARTEN

A kindersymphony, or kindergarten band, not only delights the little children and the neighborhood as well, but is excellent for ear training, rhythm, and attention. Your little band, if carefully trained, will be able to play some really beautiful music. The number

playing in the band can be as large as desired, depending only on the number of instruments available. Our Erie Chapel band consists of twelve pieces—three triangles, three bells, two sets of cymbals, one tambourine, a drum, and two sets of separate drumsticks. Some one at the piano plays the melody.

The whole collection is not expensive and is easily obtainable. In the toy department of almost any large department store the triangles can be bought for forty cents each, the cymbals at twenty cents a pair, and the tambourine for twenty or twenty-five cents. The bells, which are nothing more than rattles made from strips of sleigh bells, tacked on wooden handles, can be secured at any ten-cent store. In purchasing, select those with different tones that will blend well. Perhaps some child will have a drum of his own which he can bring. Additional drumsticks can also be secured at the ten-cent store with little, ten-cent drums.

We generally arrange our little kindersymphony in two rows; those holding the triangles, bells, cymbals, and tambourine stand and the drummers sit on the floor in front of them. Those who hold the separate sticks sit on either side of the big drum and tap the sticks on the floor.

If possible, find a leader for the band among your children. At first one of our teachers took this part; later it was suggested that some child try to lead. There was silence at first; then one of our tiniest boys volunteered, and he has taken the part splendidly. He stands facing the band, with a kindergarten chair in

front of him on which to tap his stick as a signal to begin. If a mistake is made, a tap of his stick brings the music to a halt. His sense of rhythm must be good, and the children must learn to watch him. I doubt if a little child will volunteer for this position who does not feel the rhythm in him.

When about to select the band, ask the children to clap or tap little sticks upon the floor to some bit of bright music with an easy rhythm. Notice which children follow the rhythm best and select these at the start. Appreciation of rhythm can be trained in the other children; perhaps the hope of playing in the band will be the stimulus for real effort.

Make a beginning by playing easy little march pieces or patriotic songs familiar to the children. Later some really beautiful things may be tried, such as "Melody in F," by Rubenstein, different parts being played by the bells or triangles alone.

For the kindergarten feature on the commencement program, we worked out a patriotic exercise, playing the national songs of America and her Allies, as the flag of each country was carried down the aisle to the front. The "Star-Spangled Banner" came last, and the entire audience rose and sang together, led by the children. The band can be used in many different ways. The children, asked to play at a vesper service in one of the churches, marched down the aisle playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." When they were on the platform the bells and triangles alone softly played some of the quiet evening hymns.

During the warm summer days we often followed the band out into the street and marched around the block, singing the air, in the absence of the piano. On November 11, 1918, the day of the signing of the armistice, our little band triumphantly led a large procession of older children up and down the streets. Mothers crowded out into the streets as we went by playing our instruments, in full uniform, the uniform consisting of band caps made from black paper with "Erie" pasted in white letters across the front. The children with the help of patterns can easily cut out these little caps and the teachers or older girls in the school can sew them together and cut and paste on the white letters. The caps are made in three pieces, a circle or slightly oval piece about six or seven inches in diameter, a long strip twenty-two inches by three inches to complete the crown, and a curved piece like a quarter moon, about six inches in length and two inches wide at the center, to be sewed in front as a visor. These caps add very much to the professional appearance of the band and are made with little trouble.

Another special feature consists of a kindergarten choir. The kindergartner, listening as the children sing together, picks out a group having especially sweet, clear voices, to serve as the kindergarten choir. From this group two may be chosen to sing a duet or one may sing a solo for the enjoyment of the rest. The choir idea grew from a desire on our part to encourage sweet singing and also because of repeated requests of the children as follows: "I want to sing that song

alone," or "Now me and Josie alone," or "Now all the big children."

In selecting these best voices, we must not neglect the little child who sings in a monotone or him who never even tries to sing. Everything must be done to encourage all the children to sing sweetly, but we have found that the choir idea rather helped than hindered, as the children were eager to be chosen for the choir.

### 9. SUGGESTIONS FOR REVIEW LESSONS

In reviewing the Bible stories I worked out some little puzzle games or sense games, with pictures which not only delighted the children, but were excellent in stimulating observation, concentration, attention, and memory.

As we had no wall space where pictures could be hung without marring the walls, I bought a cheap screen and covered it with brown burlap, hanging the pictures on this screen with fasteners sold for this special purpose. This screen, which could be moved freely around the kindergarten, was always placed in front of our little group, beside my chair, when we gathered for our story time. As each story was told, the picture that told about it was hung on the screen, so that, at the end of several days, the screen was like one big storybook. On review day, one child on the floor was chosen to shut his eyes, while another tiptoed softly up to the screen and touched one of the pictures, that we might all know what picture she had chosen and so enjoy the fun. Then she tiptoed back and we called the

first child to "wake up." He listened attentively, studying the screen as the second child began describing the chosen picture, something like this:

"It is the picture of a man. He has a little lamb in his arms and there's a mother sheep, too."

Unconsciously the child describing would go on to tell more of the story, bringing out, of course, the points that had appealed to her most. If an older child was guessing, the simple story was told without the closer description of the picture itself. As soon as the child listening had found the picture, the one who told the story took her turn and shut her eyes, while another child selected the picture to be guessed.

Another game the children liked embodied the same idea, but was played a little differently and so lent variety. The children all looked a moment carefully at the screen; then one child was chosen to shut his eyes while one of the pictures was removed. On opening his eyes the child was asked to tell us what "story" was missing from the screen.

Other similar puzzle plays can be worked out, using perhaps some of the children's own suggestions. It was found that the children expressed themselves much more freely and unconsciously because it was a game, and that the element of puzzle and mystery held the interest of everyone in the group, even though only two children were able to play at one time.

#### 10. TRAINING THE OLDER GIRLS AS TEACHERS

Most schools are able to provide but one regular kin-

dergartner in kindergartens where an enrollment is expected of anywhere from thirty-five to eighty children. Yet it is impossible to have what would be considered a standard kindergarten unless there is some sort of teacher for at least every twenty or twenty-five children. The kindergartner works not to develop the group, but the individual in its relation to the group. Therefore, individual attention must be given to the growth of each child, and the smaller the group in the care of one teacher, the more time she will have to give to the care of the individual child. The best work is done where it is possible to divide the kindergarten into groups of eight or ten at each table.

The question, of course, is where to secure the teachers to put in charge of these individual groups. Often young women from outside churches will volunteer their services, but volunteer service can so seldom be depended on, and the kindergartner must be sure of having a teacher for each group each day. Some kindergartens are able to secure students taking summer kindergarten courses who are glad to come for the practice teaching. Most schools, however, have found that the best solution of the problem was to select older girls from the school who seemed especially fitted for the work, and to train them as kindergarten helpers. Girls from eleven to fourteen like to mother groups of little children. They are generally found eager and willing, but often they are "bossy" and rather rough with the children. They like to discipline others, but their ideas of discipline were gained perhaps from the discipline



at home, or from a none-too-patient school-teacher. I believe, however, that if these girls could be gathered together some time before the opening of school and a series of little teachers' meetings planned and held for them, they would readily learn the better way with little children and become really efficient helpers.

In our school we generally come together for our first meeting a week before the first session. At that time I explain our program of stories and tell the girls what we hope to accomplish with the children in the entire six weeks. I then assign to each girl her group of children. Just what our enrollment will be, of course, I do not know, but I know there will be a group of little four-year-olds and another group of little five-year-olds, and so on. I then explain what will be expected of each group in table work, keeping in mind our exhibit on the last day of school. The girls copy from my program book the work mapped out for their group definitely from day to day for the first week. Each girl makes a program book of her own, fastening together several sheets of white paper and using darker paper for a cover.

When the actual work of the first week is mapped out, we talk a little about our children. Very frankly we talk over the wrong conditions at home and in the neighborhood and what we hope to accomplish in the kindergarten, emphasizing habits of obedience, courtesy, helpfulness, kindness, and cleanliness. I illustrate with many concrete examples, showing the girls just how I would meet every little occasion that will prob-

ably arise in their work with the children. We talk a great deal about the spirit of the kindergarten, the voice and manner and personal appearance of the teacher, even her sitting and standing position. We talk about the kind of discipline that we want in our kindergarten and why, laying particular stress on the importance of keeping our hands off the children, refraining from clapping hands, or in any other way making more noise when less is desired. We try to show our girls how important it is that the teacher at all times manifest perfect self-control if she would teach the little child self-control. Finally we have a simple lesson in psychology, in the effort to show our girls the importance of little things in the formation of habits. From a piece of clay I model a brain, making its surface smooth and even. Then I try to show how every little act makes its impression on the brain (drawing a faint line over its surface), and an act repeated again and again finally forms a habit (and I press down upon this line again and again until it is a deep groove). Then I explain very simply how, when an impulse enters the brain, it naturally travels over the deep line. (the habit formed) and it is very difficult to catch the impulse and direct it over some new path, thereby showing how hard it is to form a right habit when a wrong habit has been formed already. Now, when the little brain is comparatively young and new, we must be careful indeed that the right ideals, the right habits, are engraved upon it before it is too late. The object lesson with the little

clay brain generally brings to the girls the real importance of these things which we talk so much about.

One more word will be needed. There is a tendency among many of these young girl teachers to do the handwork for the children, instead of helping them to do it themselves. They want to see a perfect finished product and they feel that when the children do it "it doesn't look nice." It may be necessary to remind them of this again and again, showing them that it is the growth of the little child's powers we want, rather than mature work. If to-day he has done his work as well and as carefully as he can, it is accepted. Perhaps tomorrow he can do it better.

At the close of our meeting together we talk to our Father in prayer, asking him to give us wisdom and strength and patience for our task. Then we sing the beautiful teachers' hymn written by Whittier, to be found in the first page of "Song Echoes from Child-land," by Jenks and Rust, published by Oliver Ditson Company. Finally we have a cozy little visit over some cocoa and cakes.

When the school opens, we sit down each noon for a minute to talk over any problem that may have arisen during the morning, to report on our roll, and ask any questions about the preparation of the next day's work. Then, once a week, we have our regular teacher's meeting when we talk over our problems more at length and the girls copy the next week's work into their program books.

Often I have heard teachers who had tried this plan

of having young girl helpers, speak rather disparagingly concerning it, saying of a helper, perhaps, "I don't know what to do; she shouts at the children and claps her hands and talks all the time I'm talking," or "She's nice with the children, but she isn't clean. Her finger nails are black, and she doesn't use a handkerchief." When I have asked if the kindergartner has talked to her young girl helper about this, invariably comes the answer: "No, I didn't know how to tell her. I am afraid she won't like it." Dear, grown kindergartner, sit down with your new little teacher and lovingly, patiently explain to her all that is in your mind. Show her why you do this, and why you don't do something else. Take her into your confidence and explain to her your ideals for the kindergarten. Tell her how many fine points she really has, and how anxious you are to have her grow to be a perfect kindergartner, not just a halfway teacher. That she will respond I am very sure, and she will try hard, with your help, to remedy her mistakes. The Father has given you this work to do for him—perhaps quite as much as the work with the little children.

These young teachers will never probably do their work faultlessly (as far as that goes, who of us can boast of that?) but, in time, they may grow quite helpful and efficient and many do really exceptional work.

When you are tempted to grow discouraged over the problem, remember the story of the lily bulb that the little child planted. She was told that it needed sunshine and rain and soil, and one thing more to help it

blossom into a beautiful white lily. After waiting many weeks, she found that the one thing more needed was patience.

## II. FOR THE TEACHER WHO IS HANDICAPPED BY LACK OF EQUIPMENT

Many of our Daily Vacation Bible School kindergartens are held in churches where there has been no kindergarten during the regular school year. For this reason they often suffer from lack of equipment, tables and chairs of suitable size and tools to work with. The room which it is necessary to give the kindergartner for her little group is often undesirable because of insufficient light or ventilating facilities, or because it is too small to allow the children to play freely, or too large to be homelike, or has no cupboard space. In some cases it is impossible to provide even a separate room for the little children, but one end of the room is shut off from the rest with a curtain and the one piano must do service for both groups.

All sorts of problems arise because of these conditions. The earnest kindergartner will not be discouraged, but will put all her thought and effort into trying to make the condition as nearly ideal as possible. Many things can be changed with very little effort. If your room is dirty and uncared for and there is no money to pay a caretaker, arrange with some of the older children to help you clean it. White tissue paper curtains at the windows, if they are dingy and curtainless, a clean piano cover of green *crêpe* paper, a tiny plant on

the table, bright, attractive pictures and tidy cupboards if you are so fortunate as to have cupboards, will help to make your room cheery and homelike. Just a word about the tidy cupboards. I have often wondered why so many fine Christian workers could tolerate dusty, disorderly church cupboards, such as exist in many churches. At a men's clothing store, for a very few cents, there can be secured enough boxes of any one desired size to fit up the cupboard beautifully. Labels for the boxes can be bought or cut from white paper, and the name of the contents of the boxes printed on them. One of the best ways to teach our little children tidy habits is to surround them with examples of tidiness.

To the kindergartner who, having striven to make her room attractive and homelike, still feels there are conditions which she cannot cope with, I want to give this word of cheer and encouragement, just as it came to me:

We were called across to a little home back of the mission, where the mother, seriously ill with pneumonia, was being carried out to the waiting ambulance. When the ambulance had rolled away, and the crowd of curious neighbors had disappeared, we gathered the four children into the back room to try to care for them and comfort them, until the father should return from the hospital later in the evening.

We suggested playing games, and Susie, the little ten-year-old, said eagerly, "Oh, yes, let's play, 'Here we come, where from?' " In the game suggested one

side gives the beginning letters of any compound word, chosen secretly, and this word the other side must guess. S—P we guessed to be stove pipe, and K—S was given correctly by the other side as kitchen sink. The object chosen did not have to be within sight, so Susie suddenly said, with her little white face all lighted up with joy: "I have one: E—C. What is it?" As no one seemed to be able to guess, we asked Susie to describe it. "Oh," said Susie joyously, "let me see. It's big and it's beautiful. It's all full of tables and chairs and more chairs, and that's all, I guess, but it's beautiful. Oh, it's just bee-utiful, you don't know how beautiful," and at the last word her little face lit up with a beautiful radiance, the reflection perhaps of the beauty she was trying to express.

I had guessed the word, but I was silent, for the little seven-year-old who was guessing with me was still puzzled. A queer lump came suddenly into my throat. I knew it was our Erie Chapel that Susie was trying to describe, but it had never occurred to me before to think of Erie Chapel as beautiful. Just many rooms with "tables and chairs," no carpets, no beautiful windows, no organ, no altar. Even the leather of the pulpit chair where the best minister in the world sat each Sunday, was worn and ragged. No, we had none of those things that go to make up a beautiful church or a settlement house, though we had often longed for them, and yet to Susie it was beautiful.

Softly came the prayer into my heart: "Father in heaven, it is love, the love that we who labor at Erie

Chapel have tried day by day to put into this work for thee, that has glorified the place in which we work and has made it appear beautiful in the eyes of a little child. It is true we are limited as to things, but there is no limit to the love that we may pour out into this neighborhood day by day. May we rise to this wonderful opportunity that is ours, and love as we never have before while the day is given us to do this thing for thee."

## 12. HANDWORK

In some of the returned questionnaires kindergartners expressed a desire for handwork that offered more variety and was "not so long drawn out." Some said that the children grew tired of the sameness of material. Some said that they had no cupboard room in which to keep the finished work until exhibit day. Other kindergartners, however, wrote that they had used accumulative plays with splendid results, both in actual work accomplished and growing ability and interest on the part of the children.

The accumulative plays of two years ago were especially suggested because of a tendency noticed in many kindergartens to plan rather isolated pieces of work in no way related to subject material or to one another, or, on the other hand, without any consideration of the children's previous experience in handling the material. Several things that would be "nice to make" were selected without thought as to whether or not they were arranged as upward steps in the little child's development.



In an effort to meet the need of as many of the kindergartens as possible, I suggest some shorter problems, planning them so that they are not isolated, but that, in some little way, each day will be a little more of a problem than the day before, and that all will enrich the general thought of the day or week.

## I

### THE MAKING OF SHADOW PICTURE BOOKS

(Planned in connection with the stories from the Old Testament suggested for the first two weeks)

Material needed for each child: Eight sheets of Manila paper, paints, and brushes, scissors, paste, and paper patterns of a lamb or sheep, a tiny ark (for the story of Moses), a raven, a lion, and a little child. The six sheets of the book will represent the six Old Testament stories told. In some cases one sheet can be made in a day. Other stories will require two days. The books can be finished in about two weeks.

**First Day.** The little child has perhaps never used water colors before. Mix the tube paint in a little dish until it is of the consistency of milk. Then let him dip in his brush and make quick, light strokes across his paper, covering it with solid color. When the paper is dry, outline a circle on the other side and let the child cut it out, using it for a plate or a table mat or whatever he suggests.

**Second Day.** Repeat the color play of yesterday, encouraging the children to do better work this time. The result of the work to-day is to be used for a pic-

ture frame for the first page of our books. Get for each child, if possible, one of the penny pictures of the child Samuel. If this is not possible cut several pictures, of mothers and babies from magazines. These pictures can be trimmed into the desired size while the papers are drying.

**Third Day.** Have outlined on the reverse side of the children's color papers a picture frame an inch wide and just large enough to fit the pictures decided upon. Let the children cut out this frame and mount it neatly over the picture, which should first be pasted on a piece of plain Manila. Lines can be drawn from the two upper corners, if desired, to represent a picture hanging on the wall.

**Fourth Day.** The making of the second picture of our book, a white sheep in a green field, with blue sky overhead, to illustrate the story of David, the shepherd boy. Give each child a piece of Manila paper, which has a line drawn horizontally through the middle. If the children have had sufficient experience with the scissors, the outlined pattern of the sheep may be given them to cut out. This is too advanced a step, however, for the younger children or for those with less experience, so the pattern should be made ready for them. Pin the pattern securely over the line so that it will not slip from its place, then let the children color the paper above the line a sky blue, and below the line a grass green. When the color is dry, let the children unpin the pattern, and the result will be a white lamb in a green field with a blue sky overhead.

**Fifth Day.** The making of the third picture of the book, a little ark of reeds sailing on a blue stream. Draw a simple little form to represent the ark or cradle in which Moses was laid and let the children cut on the outline. Give each child a piece of Manila paper, with the horizontal line drawn as before, and pin the little ark at the lower, right-hand corner of the picture. Let the children color the paper above the line sky blue and that below the line a deeper blue to represent water. When the color is dry and the pattern removed, the picture will show the ark floating in the blue water with sky overhead. In making shadow pictures, never remove a pattern until the color is quite dry, else the outline of the picture will not be even and distinct; also be sure to pin the pattern down firmly in order to keep any of the color from creeping under the edges.

**Sixth Day.** The making of the fourth page, a raven walking in the green grass, to illustrate the story of Elijah fed by the ravens. Draw your pattern of the raven from the picture used in telling the story. Let the children cut it out, if possible, and pin securely in the center of a piece of Manila paper over the horizon line. The upper half should be colored blue and the lower half green. When the pattern is removed, however, we have a white raven. If desired, the raven can be cut from black paper and mounted over the horizon line, or the shadow raven may be colored with a black crayon.

**Seventh Day.** The making of the fifth page, a yellow lion behind bars to emphasize the story of "Daniel

in the Lions' Den." Let the children color a piece of paper yellow; on the reverse side a lion should have been drawn. When paper is dry, the lion may be cut out along the outline and put away for the next day.

**Eighth Day.** Let the children mount the lion in the center of a piece of Manila paper, pasting five or six black strips of paper perpendicularly over him to represent the iron bars of his cage. Four other strips may be pasted to form the four sides of the cage. The idea of the cage can be obtained in looking at the picture suggested for use with this story.

**Ninth Day.** The making of the last page, a little child walking in the grass, to represent the story of Naaman and the little Syrian maid. If the children are sufficiently skilled now in the use of scissors let them cut from fashion magazines figures of little girls. Pin the pattern below the horizon line, coloring the upper half blue and the lower part green. When the pattern is removed, the picture shows a child walking in the grass under the blue sky. More can be added to the picture the following day.

**Tenth Day.** Tiny crumpled bits of colored tissue paper may be fastened to green grass with a bit of paste to represent tiny flowers growing. When the six pages are completed, the sheets should be tied together with a bright piece of string or raffia.

These storybooks are not only valuable in fixing the stories in the children's minds, but they are something very worth while as an exhibit. Your children should have gained in these two weeks considerable skill in the

handling of at least two materials, water color and scissors, and some knowledge of color in the world of nature.

New Testament books can be made in the same way, following the idea of the stories suggested for the next two weeks. "A Bird and Flower Book" can be worked out in connection with the nature stories of the fifth week.

## II

### NATURE WORK WITH CLAY

Material needed: Moist clay, a piece of oilcloth or heavy paper to protect the table, water colors, shellac, and some stiff cardboard.

The clay lessons can be worked out best in connection with the stories of the Father's care for birds and flowers. The following plays are suggested as some which have been worked out readily by our own little groups at Erie Chapel:

**First and Second Days.** Some of the children, perhaps, have never handled clay. Let them play freely with it for the first two or three days, learning, through handling it, its possibilities for self-expression. In free play, the kindergartner has an excellent opportunity to acquaint herself with the interests and ideas of her little group and base her future work on what she has learned.

**Third Day.** Suggest that the children make balls. This suggestion is given simply that the child may have

before him some definite problem of form. Of all forms the ball is the simplest and easiest to make. If the children seem to need much more practice before going on to other forms, try making tiny clay marbles. These can be painted with water colors and, when dry, covered with shellac and made to look very attractive in a bright cretonne bag sewed by one of the older pupils of the school.

**Fourth Day.** Make clay flowerpots. There are two ways of making these, either by hollowing out solid forms with the fingers, or by building the pot up from long pieces of clay rolled between the palms of the hand, much as a reed or rope basket is made.

**Fifth Day.** The first attempt is generally very crude. Try to-day making the flowerpots more perfect in form, so that they may be beautiful enough for exhibit on the last day, when the mothers come. When the pot is done a tiny hole should be made in the bottom, for real flowers are to grow here.

**Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Days.** The flowerpots can be painted a reddish brown the sixth day, covered with shellac on the seventh, and on the eighth day, the child may fill his pot with rich, black earth and plant his seed, selecting something that will at least show a green leaf by exhibit day.

**Ninth Day.** With the thought of the awakening flower in his flowerpot, and with flowers before him in the kindergarten, the child may begin to do plaque work with his clay. Help him to make a plaque about four inches square and about one-half inch thick, using

a ruler to make the edges smooth and even. He will probably have to make several before he has one perfect enough upon which to build his flower form. Fold the finished plaque in wet cloths that it may be ready for the continuation of the work the next day.

**Tenth Day.** The simplest flower form to make is the apple blossom or buttercup. Copy, if possible, some flower which the child may see and handle. In making the apple blossom or wild rose, the child must make five little balls of the same size, pressing down on one end of each with the finger to form petals. Place the five petals together with the pressed-down parts at the center on the plaque to form the flower. A bit of clay dropped in the center and pricked several times with a hairpin gives the appearance of stamens. If the child is able to do so, a stem and a single leaf may be added. The plaque is then laid away to dry.

**Eleventh Day.** When the clay flower is dry, the petals may be tinted a pale pink and the stamens yellow. If the child has added a stem and leaves, they may be painted green. A great variety of flowers may be made in this way by the child, and the color, form, and peculiarities of each emphasized in his mind through the actual making of them.

**Twelfth Day.** Bluebird plaques can be made by cutting the pattern of a bird from heavy cardboard and skillfully pressing it down into the center of the clay plaque. The cardboard must be lifted carefully so that the impression may not be marred. When dry, the impression of the bird is painted blue, and the whole

covered with shellac. Other figures desired can be pressed into the plaque in the same way.

### III

#### THE CHILD'S OWN HOME AND YARD MADE FROM PAPER, CLAY, AND SPONGES

If it is possible it would be well to let the children construct the neighborhood in which they live. Those who find the construction of the neighborhood too much of a problem, however, may find it possible to let each child make simply his own home with the yard around it, and a tree or two. The making of the home may be worked out either in connection with the Old Testament stories of home life (first two weeks) or with the New Testament stories (third and fourth weeks) or with the closing group of stories in connection with the home life of a little child to-day.

If the child has had no experience in folding, the kindergartner cannot, of course, proceed directly to the construction of the house, but must plan plays that gradually lead up to this more difficult piece of construction work.

**First Day.** Give each child a square of Manila paper eight by eight inches. Fold in the middle by bringing the front corners over to meet the back corners and "ironing" down with the side of the hand or wrist (never use the finger tips). Then fold both sides to the center line. If this is all the children can easily do to-day, let them name the object already made (a



bench, a table, or a cupboard standing on end) and take it home with them.

**Second Day.** Give each child a piece of paper eight by eight inches as before. Repeat the fold of yesterday, and then, turning the paper so that the lines now run perpendicularly, fold again to the center and both sides to the center. The result will be what is called the sixteen-square fold, the foundation of almost all paper construction work. Cut up at each corner to the depth of one square, and fold and paste into a box form. If this construction work is being carried on in connection with the Old Testament stories, an oblong box can be made by cutting off one row of squares before cutting corners, then, by pasting, this can be made to represent the ark of the baby Moses.

**Third Day.** To-day we will construct the house itself. Give each child a piece of construction paper twelve by twelve inches (a smaller square nine by nine inches may be used if the teacher is unable to secure the larger paper). Fold into sixteen squares, and cut up on all the lines on two opposite sides to the depth of one square. Fold and paste the two inside flaps, formed by the cutting, exactly over one another, to make a slanting roof. Fold and paste the two outside flaps halfway over these, forming a straight line as the house rests on the table. Fold and paste the opposite end in the same way. The house is then left to be finished to-morrow.

**Fourth Day.** Give each child a piece of paper for the roof seven by seven inches. (If brown paper is used

for the body of the house, dark gray, black, or green contrasts well when used for roof, chimney, and porch.) Fold the piece of roof in the center, and, fitting down over the top of the house, paste in place. Cut in the side of the roof toward the back an oblong hole one and three-eighths by one and one-eighth inches. Fold a piece of paper six by four inches of the same color as the roof into a chimney by folding over one inch to make a piece five by four inches. Then fold into four parts and paste together into a chimney after first unfolding the flap turned down. Insert the chimney in the hole cut in the roof. Make a porch and steps from a piece of construction paper two by three and one-fourth inches. Fold over first one-half inch from end, make another fold one and one-fourth inches from this, one in the reverse direction from the last and also one-half inch from it. These measurements can be made and indicated by a straight line drawn for the children, on the side of the paper where the fold is to be made, and with these lines as guides. The folding will be much more simple than it reads. The porch is pasted to the house one inch from the lower edge. Side pieces or railings cut from the same color paper make our little homes look very real. They are made from pieces two and three-quarter inches long by two inches high. When they are pasted in place, one on each side of these steps, a triangular piece is cut from the top, making them slant from two inches in back to one inch in front.

**Fifth Day.** A door one by one and one-half inches

should be outlined and cut out over the stoop. Windows one by one and three-fourth inches may be outlined, one in the front at the left at the door, and two at each side. Shades and curtains for the windows can be made from tiny scraps of green watered paper and white muslin.

A two-story house may be made in the same way by using a piece twelve by eighteen inches instead of twelve by twelve inches. The eighteen-inch side must be folded into six parts. This can be done by folding over three inches at each end and then proceeding to fold into four parts. The twelve-inch side is folded as before into four parts. Considering the eighteen-inch side with three inches folded over at each end as a twelve-inch side, the same cuts are made as before. Then the side is unfolded to its full length and the flaps pasted over each other. These directions may seem difficult to follow, but if the kindergartner will try the work first, she will find that the construction is really quite as simple as that of the smaller houses. Brass fasteners can be used instead of paste in fastening the flaps of the houses together.

**Sixth Day.** The making of the fence around the house. The fence begins at the left of the steps and extends down the left side, forming a little square yard in front under the window and a passageway at the side. If it is desired that the fence extend clear around the back, inclosing a garden in the rear, it must be made twice as long. A fence long enough to reach to the rear of the house only is made from a strip of card-

board modeling paper twelve by one and one-half inches. The cardboard modeling paper is ruled with quarter-inch lines. The child may cut down on these lines, the entire length of the strip, cutting to within one quarter of an inch of the bottom. He then cuts away every other piece and pastes a strip twelve by one-fourth inch across the top. To make the fence stand more securely, a strip of heavy cardboard one-fourth inch wide may be pasted along the bottom.

**Seventh Day.** Making flower gardens from clay, and artificial flowers. Give each child a lump of clay and let him pat it and cut it into any shape he desires, using cookie cutters. Artificial flowers can be purchased at small expense at any ten-cent store or can be secured generally from old hats. If these, however, cannot be had, tiny bits of twisted tissue papers can be pressed into the clay instead, to represent flowers, growing.

**Eighth and Ninth Days.** Making trees for the yard. Very attractive trees can be made from sponges colored green, into which little twigs are fastened. Secure the large sponges at the ten-cent store. Each of these will make from four to ten trees. Purchase a package of bright green dye, dissolve it in boiling water, and then throw the sponges into the dye, letting them remain there only a moment. They readily absorb the color, but if left too long become almost black. Squeeze most of the water from the sponges gently, and lay on a paper to dry overnight. The following day let the children make balls of clay, flattening them until about

a half inch thick. In the clay foundation push the tree twigs, pressing the bit of green sponge over the other end of the twig. A forked twig will hold the sponge more securely in place.

**Tenth Day.** Other long narrow gardens can be made from clay to represent the vegetable gardens in the back yard. More realistic gardens can be made from heaps of dry earth formed into beds with rulers or stiff strips of cardboard. If you have access to the kindergarten pegs, let the children select the green pegs, making rows of them in the earth beds. The gift beads or the pegs with rounded tops can be pushed into the earth in the same way to represent beets, carrots, squash, and so on. These earth beds, of course, are only temporary and can be made only at the time that the exhibit is set up, but they will add much to the effectiveness of the children's work.

#### IV

##### NEW DOLL'S HOUSE MADE FROM A HATBOX

The doll's house can be made in connection with the New Testament stories, and especially in connection with the home stories of the last week, the house being made to represent as much as possible the child's own home. Hatboxes can often be secured from department stores in the vicinity of your schools where schools are located in the city. From these most attractive doll's houses can be made. These houses are very realistic, having two floors, a garret, and a sloping roof.

Place the hatbox on one side, cutting off a few inches all around the edge, if the box is too deep. Press the cover horizontally inside the box and fasten it there, exactly halfway between the top and bottom, with brass paper fasteners. This forms the ceiling of the first story and the floor of the second. Cut another box diagonally in two and fasten one half over the square top of the doll's house, with open part in front. This forms the slanting roof and provides a small garret space in front. Cut a hole in one side of the roof and insert a chimney made from heavy paper or thin cardboard. Two windows may be cut in each side of the house, both upstairs and downstairs. The upper floor may be furnished as a bedroom, with a bed, dresser, rocking-chair, and one or two straight chairs. The lower floor may represent the kitchen and living room. The children may furnish this with a stove, table, chairs, wash bench with tub and washboard, and perhaps a kitchen cupboard. They may also make a little broom and dustpan, some flowerpots for the windows, and tiny clay dishes for the table. Directions for the construction of these furnishings are given below:

**First Day.** Make the kitchen table.

Outline a circle about four inches in diameter on thin cardboard. (The backs of writing tablets are about the right weight and are easy to cut.) Let the children cut these out and mount a large, linen-thread spool in the center. Cut a piece of table oilcloth a trifle larger than the table top. Let the children paste this over the cardboard, pressing down the oilcloth around

the edge. This makes a very simple and attractive table.

**Second Day.** Make a kitchen stove.

Give each child a piece of black construction paper eight by eight inches. Fold into the sixteen-square fold. (To get the sixteen-square fold, fold once in the center, then fold front and back edges to this center line. Turn paper around so that the lines all run up and down, instead of from left to right. Then repeat the fold as before. The crossing lines form sixteen squares. The sixteen-square fold is the foundation for almost all the paper construction work done in the kindergarten. If the children have had no previous experience in folding, the stove cannot be attempted the first day. Present as much of the folding play as the children can do, then let them name the little form and take it home as it is. Repeat the next day with fresh paper, advancing a little farther. By the third day, perhaps the stove itself may be made. Always have a finished model to show the children. It places the ideal before them and at the same time acts as a stimulus to their best efforts.)

In making the stove, fold the paper into the sixteen-square fold as suggested. Cut off one side (four squares) and cut up the two lines at each end to the depth of one square. Fold and paste into an oblong box form. Cut out feet for the stove, about one-fourth inch from the bottom, and paste four one-half inch circles of gray paper on top of the stove for burners. Cut a small door in the front for the oven. Roll a

piece of paper about four by two inches into a stove pipe and fasten at the middle of the back with a brass fastener.

**Third Day.** Make the dresser for the bedroom.

The dresser is exactly the same form as the stove. It is made from brown construction paper, using a piece, as for the stove, eight by eight inches. The dresser is finished by pasting four glass beads in front for the knobs on the drawers. Make a looking-glass by outlining on brown construction paper an oblong three and one-half by two inches. Outline on silver paper an oblong a trifle smaller, but in the same proportion. Let the children cut these out and mount the silver oblong in the middle of the brown oblong. Paste this to the back of the dresser, or hang on the wall over it.

**Fourth Day.** Make the bench for the washtub.

This is simply a repetition of the oblong box form used for stove and bureau. Make this from a square of brown construction paper seven by seven inches and cut the legs out much higher up.

**Fifth Day.** Make the washtub and scrubbing board, to stand on the wash bench.

Make the washtub from a slightly curved strip of gray construction paper, about six by one inch. Fasten the two ends together with a brass fastener or with paste, and slip a circle—a trifle larger in diameter than the opening at the bottom—inside to form the tub bottom. Make a washboard from a tiny bit of corrugated paper with a bit of paste stick glued to each side. Stand



this washboard in the tub and place the whole on the wash bench.

**Sixth Day.** Make the bed.

From a square of brown construction paper ten by ten inches, fold into the sixteen-square fold and cut as for three previous forms. The pasting is done a little differently. In pasting into the box form, paste the two outside flaps over each other, but instead of pasting the center flap over these, let it stand upright to form the head of the bed. Fold the other end in the same way to form the foot. Cut the foot so that it will be about one-half inch lower than the head. Make the bed lower by cutting off about one-half inch around the bottom. A scrap picture or "sticker" may be pasted in the center of both head and footboards for decorations and bed covers made from tiny bits of gay cretonne or white curtain material.

**Seventh Day.** Make a straight-backed chair.

Fold a piece of brown construction paper four and one-half inches square into the sixteen-square fold. Cut off one side of four squares, then cut off another side of three squares making a new nine-square piece. Cut up the two lines on two opposite sides to the depth of one square. Paste one end as in the box form and the other end as in making the bed, leaving the middle flap upright for the back of the chair. Cut up about halfway to form the legs. Bits of cretonne, of the same pattern as that used for bed and bureau covers, can be pasted to the seat and back of the chair, to represent cushions.

**Eighth Day.** Make a rocking-chair for the bedroom.

Make a chair in the same way as you did the day before, but do not cut out the legs. Cut off around the bottom to make it much lower, and paste rockers at each side. After looking at a rocking-chair, the kindergartner can easily make the pattern for these rockers. The rocking-chair, too, can be decorated with little cretonne pieces.

**Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Days.** Make more straight chairs for the kitchen and also a rug for the bedroom.

The rug can be made by cutting long strips of bright, contrasting material about one-half inch wide and letting the children braid them. The kindergartner may sew the braided strips into a lovely round rug. Plan as to the color scheme of your bedroom. If your cretonne pieces show pink or red roses, a red-and-black rug is pretty. If your bed and bureau coverings have a touch of blue, a blue-and-white rug is very dainty. The bedroom with its dainty furnishings will teach a lesson in beauty, quite as important, perhaps, as the skill gained in constructing the furniture.

**Twelfth Day.** Make the curtains for the eight windows.

These can be made from very small scraps of white curtain goods or lawn. Simply cut two pieces slightly larger than the windows and paste at the top over the window.

The kitchen windows may have sash curtains pasted

on a strip of cardboard and fastened across the middle of the window.

**Thirteenth Day.** Make the broom and the dustpan.

To make the broom, let the children fringe strips of paper seven by one and one-half inches. Wrap this tightly around a paste stick for the broom handle, and tie in place with string. Make the dustpan by folding a piece one-inch square slightly at one end. Punch a hole in this folded piece. Put a string through the hole and hang in one corner of the kitchen. Stand the broom beside it.

**Fourteenth Day.** If any scraps of oilcloth are available, cut a square and paste in the center of the kitchen floor. Sometimes a piece of wall paper which has the appearance of oilcloth can be used instead. Old wall paper books can be secured from almost any wall paper company. Clay dishes may also be made to-day for the kitchen table. Suggest that the children make tiny balls, then flatten them and pinch up at the edges. Tiny cups are made by pushing the finger into the center of the balls. These cups may be placed on the little saucers. Enough must be made so that there is a cup and saucer for each member of the family. There must also be a chair for each. The number in the family must be determined upon before the chairs and dishes are made. This will present some lovely number problems to be worked out.

**Fifteenth Day.** Make flowerpots for the kitchen table and window sills from small corks and bits of artificial flowers. Fasten the flowers in the cork and

cover with bright little pieces of *crêpe* paper, ruffled at the top.

The kindergartner will probably think of many other little touches that will make the doll's house more real. Urge the children, of course, to make suggestions and use these suggestions whenever possible. Make the doll's house as much like the homes of your own group of children as possible. Omit the wash benches from the kitchen if the children come from homes where these are not so prominent. Make trunks for the garret if your children are fortunate enough to live in real houses, where garrets are known. Make the little home real and true to life, but at the same time as lovely and attractive as possible, emphasizing cleanliness and order and arrangement.



## II

### BIBLE STORIES

#### LESSON I

#### THE STORY OF THE CHILD WHO HEARD HIS FATHER'S VOICE

I Samuel, chapter 1; 3: 1-20

Picture to be used with this story: The Infant Samuel, Reynolds.

Memory Verse: "He that is of God heareth the words of God."—John 8: 47.

Once upon a time, long ago, there lived a mother named Hannah. She had no little child of her own and she wanted one very much.

Once a year Hannah went with many other people into another city where there was a beautiful tabernacle, or church, and there she knelt down and talked to the heavenly Father, and thanked him for all the good things he had given her.

This time when she came with the other mothers up to the beautiful church, she told the Father how much she wanted a little child of her own. She promised him that if he would give her this little child she would bring him to the church just as soon as he was old enough, and leave him there so that, when he grew up, he might help the people who came to the church by teaching them of the Father's love.

On the way home Hannah was very happy, for she

felt sure that the heavenly Father would send the little child to her now very soon. How glad the mother was when one day she held a tiny baby boy in her arms. She named him Samuel.

Very carefully she watched over him. She loved him as all mothers love their babies, but she did not forget that she had promised the heavenly Father to bring him to live in the beautiful church far away. So one day, when he was three years old, just a very little boy, but no longer a baby, she put his little clothes together in a bundle and, taking some lunch, started with Samuel on the long journey.

There was a kind-faced priest, or minister, in the church who taught the people about our Father, and to him the mother brought little Samuel. "This is the baby that I asked the heavenly Father to give me when I was here before," she said, "and I promised him then that if he would send me a little child, I would bring him here to live in the church with you and learn to help the people know about the Father's love." Then the mother kissed Samuel and, leaving him with the priest, went back alone to her home. It was so far away that she could come to see him only once a year, but she liked to think of him growing tall and rosy and strong and every year she brought him a little coat that she had made.

So Samuel lived in the church with the kind-faced priest whose name was Eli, and Eli taught him each day about the heavenly Father and his love for little children.

One night while Samuel was sleeping in his little bed he was awakened by a voice calling softly, "Samuel!" Jumping out of his bed, he ran to Eli. "Here I am," he said. "Did you not call me?" "No," said Eli, "I did not call you. Go, lie down, and sleep." But again Samuel heard the voice calling "Samuel!" and getting out of bed, he ran again to Eli. "Did you not call me?" he asked Eli. "Surely some one called me." "No," said Eli, "I did not call you." So again Samuel crept back into his bed, but once more he heard the voice softly calling to him, and a third time he crept out of bed and pattered over the floor to where Eli was sleeping. "It is not I calling you, little Samuel," said Eli, "but it is God who is speaking to you. Run back again and lie down. If you should hear the voice again, answer softly and listen for the heavenly Father who is calling and has something to tell you." So little Samuel went back to his bed again, and as he lay there just as before came the voice softly, tenderly calling, "Samuel, Samuel!" "I hear, Father," said little Samuel, softly. "I am listening to what you have to tell me."

Then the heavenly Father talked a long time to little Samuel and told him many things. After that the Father spoke often with Samuel. Samuel could not see the Father's face, but he knew that he was very, very near. Because he listened to the Father's voice and always did what God told him to do, Samuel grew more kind and helpful every year, and was able to tell many of the people who came to the church about the Father's love for them.



## LESSON 2

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE SHEPHERD BOY WHO  
BECAME A KING

I Samuel 16: 1-13

Pictures to be used with this story: The Wounded Lamb, Meyer von Bremen; John and the Lamb, Murillo; Young David, Gardner.

Memory Verse: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."  
—Psalm 23: 1.

Do you remember the Christmas story, how the angels came to the shepherds as they were watching their sheep out under the stars on the hills of Bethlehem? In that same town of Bethlehem, long before the little Lord Jesus was born, there lived a little boy named David. He had many brothers, all older than he, but his father, Jesse, had given to him the care of the sheep. There were hundreds of sheep and little lambs in the flock, but David knew them all by name. They loved the sound of his voice and came running gladly when he called them. Every morning he opened wide the door of the sheepfold, and, calling the sheep to follow, led the way up the green hillside. Running and tumbling after him they came, never running ahead, but keeping close where they could hear the sound of his voice. He would lead them on until he found a place where there was plenty of green grass and a quiet little stream of water where they could drink and not be afraid.

Sometimes he would stop with them beside a great river where the water made a loud, roaring noise, as it rushed and tumbled over the stones, and when the

thirsty sheep, running to the river's edge, heard the noise and the rushing water, they were frightened and could not drink.

While the sheep roamed over the green hills, eating the fresh green grass, David would sit under a tree near by and keep watch. Bears and lions hiding in the hills watched for a chance to spring into the midst of the flock and carry away a baby lamb for their supper. Often, as David sat under the trees listening to the song of the birds or watching the white clouds in the blue sky, from far away would come the cry of a baby lamb in distress. Over the hills David would run in the direction of the little cry, reaching the lamb perhaps just in time to save it from the cruel lion's teeth.

In the quiet times when the wild animals did not disturb the sheep, David liked to lie in the tall grass and listen to the birds in the trees overhead. They had such beautifully colored feathers! The flowers about were so beautifully dressed! David thought of the heavenly Father who made all the beautiful things in the world. He thought so much about him that he began to talk to him, right out there on the hills. Even though he could not see God's face, David knew the Father was very near, for he could often hear his voice calling to him, telling him what to do. "Why, just as I take care of my sheep, so my Father cares for me," he thought one day, and his heart was so full of joy that he made up a song about it. It is such a beautiful song. Little children love it. Perhaps we can learn a wee little bit of it to-day when the story is finished.

Far away in another city lived Samuel, not a little boy any more, but a wise, good man. He had never forgotten to listen to the voice of the heavenly Father, and so he helped many people and made them happy. One day the Father called to Samuel and told him that a new king must be found, for the old king, whose name was Saul, was forgetting to listen to God's voice, and so, of course, could not help the people to be good. The Father told Samuel just where to go to find the king. "Far away in Bethlehem," he said, "there is a father whose name is Jesse, and he has eight sons. When you get there, I will call to you again and tell you which son is to be the king. Only listen to my voice, and you will make no mistake." So Samuel came to Jesse's home, and one by one the seven sons stood in front of him. They were straight and strong and any one of them, thought Samuel, would have made a splendid king, but he was listening carefully to hear what the Father would tell him to do. "None of these is to be the king," whispered the Father softly. "Have you no other boy?" asked Samuel. "Yes," said Jesse, "but he is only a boy. He watches the sheep all day on the hills outside Bethlehem. Run," he said to one of the brothers, "and call David."

Sitting out under the trees with the sheep nibbling the grass all around him, David saw his brother running over the hills toward him. "Come quickly," cried the brother, as he reached David. "A great man has come and calls for you. See, I will stay with the sheep until you come back." I like to think that David

stopped to pick up a little hurt lamb that needed his care. He started for home, and as he cuddled the lamb in his arms he thought how just so the heavenly Father cared for his children when they were hurt or in trouble. I like to think that he was still holding the little lamb when he came to Samuel. Samuel looked into David's eyes. They were kind, true eyes. Perhaps it was the kindness that David showed each day for his sheep that shone there.

Softly the heavenly Father whispered to Samuel: "This is the right son. I have chosen him to be king because he has learned to listen to his Father's voice."

So Samuel laid his hand tenderly on David's head, and told him that some day when he had grown older he was to be the king over all the land.

## LESSON 3

### THE STORY OF THE BABY MOSES

Exodus 2: 1-10; 3: 1-12

Picture to be used with this story: The Finding of Moses, Delaroche.

Memory Verse: "I will be with thee."—Exodus 3: 12.

Once, long ago, even before little Samuel and David lived, a little baby was born. The mother loved her baby very much, but as she held it close to her, her eyes were full of tears and she was very sad. The wicked king had said that if a baby girl was born, it might live, but if a baby boy was born it must be thrown into the river, and her baby was a little boy. For a long time, she hid the baby in the house, hoping that the

wicked king might not find him, but as he grew older, she knew she could not hide him any longer. He would cry and some one would hear, and tell the king, and he would send and take her baby away. So one day she made a little basket boat from some thick grasses, and, gently wrapping the baby in a warm little blanket, she placed him in the boat and hid it away among some tall weeds growing in the river. Then she called the baby's sister, little Miriam, to stand far off, but near enough to see what happened to the baby brother. "Perhaps," thought the mother, "some kind stranger will find the baby here, and will save him because he is so little and all alone." Before long the little sister saw the daughter of the cruel king come down to wash herself in the river. As the princess stooped to put her hands into the water, she saw the basket boat hidden among the grasses. Opening the basket, a tiny baby face looked into hers. Two little hands reached out. But this strange face bending over it was not the dear mother, nor was it the face of the little sister Miriam. A moment the baby looked in surprise, and then it wrinkled up its little face and began to cry. "Why, this must be one of the little boy babies that the king said must be killed," said the princess tenderly. "It is so tiny. We must not let it die." Oh, how glad Miriam was when she heard these words. Now she ran up to the princess. "Shall I find you a mother to take care of your baby?" she asked, and when the princess said "Yes," oh, how fast Miriam ran to her mother! "Come quickly, mother!" she called. "Come quickly! The

baby is safe, and the princess wants some one to take care of it for her."

So the mother came, and, reaching out, she took her own little baby back into her arms and carried him home, and as she went she thanked the heavenly Father for giving her back her baby.

The princess had said that when the baby grew older she would come and take him away to live with her, but, if the mother would care for the baby while he was little, she would pay her some money.

The princess called the baby "Moses." Little Moses grew strong and tall and finally one day the princess took him to live with her. But Moses was not happy because he saw how many wrong things the cruel king did, and so one day he left the princess and went far out into the country where he found a place to work as a shepherd, caring for a flock of sheep and little lambs. Every morning Moses led the sheep over the hills, just as David did; and, like David, he thought of the heavenly Father when he heard the birds sing and when he saw all the lovely growing things around him.

One day, as the sheep were nibbling the green grass on the hillside, Moses looked and saw a bush all shining with such a wonderful light. The bush was on fire. As he softly walked nearer, he heard a voice call, "Moses, Moses." The voice seemed to come right from the bush of fire. "Here I am," he answered. It was the heavenly Father calling Moses. He told him he must leave the sheep now, for he had a greater work for him to do. He must go back into the city where he was

once a little baby, and help the people to get away from the cruel king, into another country where they would be safe and happy.

At first Moses was afraid to do this, but when the Father told him that he would be with him always and would tell him just what to do, Moses was not afraid any more. That night he left the sheep with another shepherd, and went back into the city to help the people, as the heavenly Father had asked him to do.

## LESSON 4

### HOW THE HEAVENLY FATHER TOOK CARE OF A BOY THAT LOVED HIM

Daniel 6: 1-23

Pictures to be used with this story: Daniel in the Den of Lions, Riviere; An Old Monarch, Bonheur.

Memory Verses: "Be not affrighted, . . . for Jehovah thy God is with thee."—Joshua 1: 9. Or, "He will give his angels charge over thee."—Psalm 91: 11.

Once upon a time there was a city where almost everyone had forgotten to say "thank you" to the heavenly Father. They forgot to shut their eyes and talk to him each day, and tell him how they loved him, and they forgot to listen to his voice telling them what to do. Some of the people in the city still loved the Father and talked to him every day. One of these was a mother with a little boy called Daniel. As soon as Daniel was old enough, his mother told him all about the Father's care. She taught him to talk to the Father and listen to his voice calling to him and telling him what to do. She wanted Daniel to grow up to be a

good boy and to learn to help other people as Moses and Samuel and David had helped others. She was sorry because so many of the people in the city had forgotten the heavenly Father.

One day, as Daniel was playing in the street, he heard a great noise of shouting and the tramping of men and horses. A great army of people from a country near by had come with their king and they were trying to break down the wall around the city so as to get in. The walls were very strong and very high, but—perhaps it was because the people in the city had forgotten the heavenly Father—one day down came the walls with a crash and in rushed the soldiers. They stayed several days in the city and when they went away they took many things with them which they had stolen from the mothers and fathers and little children. They took away gold and silver plates and pitchers and other precious things, but, worse than this, they carried away with them some of the boys, and one of them was Daniel.

The king did not wish to hurt the boys, but, because they were strong and straight and clean, he wanted them to live in his palace with him and learn to help him.

Daniel was given a room in the palace all to himself, and he had plenty to eat. But he did want to see his mother again. The people in this strange country had not even heard of the heavenly Father, but they talked to strange-looking figures made out of wood and stone, and they called these gods.



Every day Daniel opened his window wide and, kneeling beside it, looked out at the blue sky and the white clouds. He remembered that his mother had told him that the Father was always very near and cared about our every trouble. So Daniel talked to the heavenly Father and the Father talked back to him, and then Daniel was not afraid.

One day, many years later, some people saw Daniel kneeling at his window talking to the Father, and they ran to tell the king. They knew that the king had said that if anyone bowed his head to talk to anyone but the king himself, that person would be thrown into a great cage full of hungry lions, where he would be torn to pieces.

Now the king loved Daniel because he was strong and good, but he thought he must do as he had said, so he told some soldiers to go and find Daniel and throw him into the lions' den. When the hungry lions saw Daniel, they all ran toward him to tear him to pieces, and then, suddenly, they stopped. They roared and snarled, but they could not get nearer the place where Daniel stood. Something, like a great, strong arm, was holding them back. It grew dark and the thousands of little stars came out and twinkled in the sky. Daniel looked up. He was not afraid. All night long, while the lions were roaring around his feet, he talked to the heavenly Father and the Father talked back to him.

Finally the light began to creep into the sky. Morning was coming. Daniel heard footsteps hurrying

toward him and then some one called "Daniel, Daniel!" It was the king calling! How glad he was when he heard Daniel's voice and knew that he was safe! But how had it happened that Daniel was not torn to pieces by the hungry lions? "O king!" called Daniel. "My Father sent his angels, and they have been with me all through the night, holding back the lions and keeping me safely."

When the king saw that Daniel was not hurt, he hurried to bring him out of the lions' den. That very day he wrote a letter to all the people round about telling them that they, too, must learn to love the heavenly Father and listen to his voice.

## LESSON 5

### HOW THE HEAVENLY FATHER TOOK CARE OF ELIJAH

I Kings 17:1-16

Picture to be used in connection with this story: The Raven.  
Memory Verse: "He careth for you."—I Peter 5:7.

Once upon a time, in the land where little Samuel and David had lived, no rain fell for days and days. The things that were growing in gardens for people to eat withered up and died because there was no rain to help them grow. The hot sun drank up all the water from the streams, and as no more rain came to fill them, the cows and sheep and little lambs wandered to and fro without water to drink, and many became sick and died.

There was a man in the country who loved the heavenly Father, who had always tried to listen to the

Father's voice. His name was Elijah. Only Elijah knew why these sad things had happened. So he went to the king and told him that it was because the mothers and fathers and little children had forgotten to talk to the heavenly Father and listen to his voice. "You have forgotten to thank him for the rain that made all things grow and gave water to drink for yourselves and all the thirsty animals," he explained. "Perhaps the Father is keeping the rain from falling until you learn to love him and say 'Thank you.'"

That night the heavenly Father called softly to Elijah. "Do not be afraid," he said. "I will take care of you, because you have always listened to my voice. Not far from here there is still a little stream of water hidden among the trees. Go there and live, and every morning and night I will send you something to eat."

For many days Elijah lived beside the stream of water. There was plenty to drink, and, every morning when the day was beginning to grow light, strong, black ravens came flying across the sky. Down to Elijah they flew, and in their claws they carried bread and meat for him. At the end of the day, when it was beginning to grow dark, they came again with more meat and bread, and then they flew away far across the sky. But as Elijah sat beside the stream of water he saw that each day it was getting less and less. The hot sun was drinking it up very fast now. One day there was not a drop of water left. Then Elijah heard the Father's voice calling to him again. "Be not afraid, I will take care of you. In a city near by there lives a

poor woman with her little boy. Go to her and she will care for you at her home until the rain falls again."

So Elijah started for the city, and there, right by the gate, he saw a poor mother picking up sticks and putting them into her apron to carry home for the fire. "Will you bring me some water to drink?" asked Elijah. Then, as she started to get the water, he called again, "And will you bring me some bread to eat?" The poor mother came back to him. "I would be glad to give you some bread," she said, "but I and my little boy at home have nothing even for ourselves. We have only one little handful of flour way down in the bottom of the barrel, and a few drops of oil in a bottle. I came to get two sticks for a little fire, so I can mix the flour with the oil and make a tiny cake and cook it. When that is gone, I do not know what we shall do, for I have no money to buy more flour and oil."

"The heavenly Father will take care of you and your little boy," said Elijah softly. "Only do not be afraid. Bake the little cake for me. You will find when you look again that there is more flour in the barrel and more oil in the bottle, for the heavenly Father is very near, and he will take care of us all."

So the mother baked a cake for Elijah, and then for herself and her little boy. The cakes were very good. The little boy thought he had never tasted a better cake. But, best of all, when the mother looked into the barrel once more there was enough flour to make another cake, and more oil in the bottle beside it on the floor. Though she used the very last bit of

flour and oil, she always found more when she needed it the next day. Elijah never saw the ravens again, and how the flour and oil got there no one knew. Perhaps the heavenly Father sent one of his angels at night when all were asleep. Elijah and the poor mother and the little boy had always plenty to eat, but they never forgot before they touched a bit of the bread or cake to fold their hands and bow their heads and softly whisper, "Thank you," to the dear Father in heaven who was watching over them.

## LESSON 6

### HOW A LITTLE CHILD HELPED NAAMAN TO FIND THE HEAVENLY FATHER

II Kings 5:1-19

Picture to be used with this story: The Age of Innocence, Reynolds.

Memory Verse: "Come unto me."—Matthew 11:28.

This story is about a very little girl who was carried away from her home and her mother into a strange country. She was playing near the house when suddenly she heard loud, rough voices. Strange, rough-looking soldiers came down the streets, breaking into the houses and carrying away all the very best things. Up the steps and into the little girl's house they came. They took some pretty vases that the mother had, some little silver dishes, and the gold ring from mother's finger. Then they hurried out, but, as one of the soldiers saw the little girl, he picked her up in his arms with a cruel, rough laugh. "Let us take her with us," he said. So they carried her away from her mother,

away from her home, away from all the little brothers and sisters, to live with them in their far-distant country. This happened long, long ago before Jesus was born.

The cruel soldiers did not love the heavenly Father and did not listen to his voice, so, of course, they did many cruel, wrong things. The captain of the soldiers, whose name was Naaman, took the little maid to his house, and there, day after day, she stayed, cleaning the house, running errands, and helping in any way she could. She often got very tired and wanted, so much, to go home. It was hard not to cry. Mother was so very far away. The little girl could not run and cuddle down in mother's arms, but she remembered that the heavenly Father was always very near and loved her even more than mother could, so she told him all her little troubles and, even though she could not see his face, she knew he was very near and would take care of her always.

The people in the country where she was did not know about the heavenly Father, and so they were not happy. Naaman, though he was a captain of the soldiers, was never happy, for he had a dreadful sickness, called leprosy, that none of the doctors could cure.

One day the little maid came to Naaman's wife. "In our country," she said, "we love the heavenly Father and he helps us. There is a prophet of God in our country. I am sure he could make your husband well if he only could learn to love the Father, too, and would talk to him." Some one went and told

the king what the little girl had said and he called Naaman to come to him. "I will send you to the king of that country, with presents of gold and silver," he said. "It may be that he can help you." So Naaman started on the long journey. But the king could not help him. Naaman, very sad and disappointed, was going home when some one came running to him. "There is a man here called Elisha," he said, "who can help you. He listens to the heavenly Father's voice and the Father tells him what to do, and so he helps many people." So Naaman came to Elisha's door and sent in word to him. Could Elisha help him to get well?

Elisha sent back the answer. He had talked with the heavenly Father and the Father had called softly, saying that Naaman must go to a river of water near by and dip in the water seven times and then he would be well. Naaman laughed when he was told to do this. Pure water would not help him; he had washed many times before this, and the sickness grew no better. The water in this country was surely no better than that in his own! So he was going home when one of the men who had come with him said: "If you had been asked to do some great thing, you would have done it. Why not do just what you are told, even though it is a very little thing to do?"

So Naaman went to the river to bathe. Seven times he washed in the river just as he had been told to do, and then, suddenly, the sores that were all over his body went away and he was well and strong.

Then how gladly he went back to Elisha, wishing to give him gold and silver and beautiful gifts because he had made him well. But Elisha would not take them. He told Naaman that the heavenly Father did not want his gifts of gold and silver; he wanted Naaman to listen to his voice and do always the things he would tell him to do.

When Naaman was back at home, well and strong again, I am sure the happiest one of all was the little maid who told him first about the heavenly Father.

Perhaps one of the first things that the Father whispered to Naaman was to tell him to take the little maid back again to her home and her dear mother. Such beautiful things happen when fathers, mothers, and little children listen to the Father's voice!

## LESSON 7

### HOW ISAIAH TOLD OF THE COMING OF JESUS CHRIST

Isaiah 40: 10, 11

Picture to be used with this story: Christ the Good Shepherd, Plockhorst.

Memory Verse: "He will feed his flock like a shepherd."—Isaiah 40: 11.

Wouldn't it be a beautiful thing if the door should open and Jesus should come in and sit with us and tell us beautiful stories? Wouldn't we be glad to cuddle close to him and look up into his dear face and listen to all he had to say?

Long ago little children really did walk beside him and listen to his stories, but that was long after little



Moses and David and Samuel lived. This was the way it happened:

Our Father kept calling and calling to fathers, mothers, and little children, telling them what to do, but, though David and Samuel and others listened, so many others did not hear the Father call, or, when they did hear, they did not want to do what he told them to do. The Father knew that if they did not listen to his voice they would get lost or hurt among the rocks and stones, just as David's sheep did. So he talked of this in heaven. "The fathers and mothers and little children do not hear my voice," he said. "They are like sheep without a shepherd. They do many wrong, selfish things and they are not happy. I must go down to them and show them the way."

So he said: "I will come to them in the form of my Son. Through his life I will show them how great is the Father's love."

Then the Father called softly to a man named Isaiah who had always listened to his voice. "Tell the fathers, mothers, and little children that I am coming to live among them," he said. "Tell them I am coming to show them how to love one another and to be happy."

So Isaiah went all through the cities singing a beautiful song about the coming of a great King who would live with the people and help them: "Just as the shepherd finds food for his sheep and carries the little, tired lambs in his arms, so will he who is coming care for you and your little children," sang Isaiah. "Be very

glad and sing for joy, for he is coming now very soon."

So fathers, mothers, and little children watched and waited for the King to come. Some very wise men said that when he came a great, beautiful star would shine in the sky and lead the people to the place where he was. As the shepherds watched their sheep all night on the hills under the starry sky, they talked together of the King who was soon to come, and often they looked upward as if hoping, perhaps, that that night they might see the great star that would tell of his coming.

## LESSON 8

### THE HEAVENLY FATHER SPEAKING TO MARY THROUGH THE VOICE OF AN ANGEL

Luke 1:26-38

Pictures to be used with this story: The Annunciation, Bouguereau; The Annunciation, Hofmann.

Memory Verse: "Thou . . . shalt call his name JESUS."—Luke 1:31.

Do you remember the story I told yesterday of how the mothers, fathers, and little children were watching and waiting for the King? Some thought that he would come in a great, golden carriage out from behind some silver cloud with hundreds of white-winged angels. Others thought that he would ride in through the city gates, and would build a beautiful palace of gold, and would sit upon a golden throne with a crown of gold and precious stones upon his head.

In a little town of Nazareth there lived a sweet young girl whose name was Mary. She, too, was waiting for the King. All the children of Nazareth loved Mary because her face was sweet and lovely and made them think of the pure, white lilies that grew in the fields where they went to play. Her eyes shone with a quiet, happy light, and her voice was sweet and low like the voice of a dove. When Mary walked down the street, the children ran to her. They liked to take her hand, to touch her soft, pretty dress, and listen to her beautiful stories as they walked with her down the street. Sometimes Joseph walked with Mary. The children knew Joseph, too. He was a strong, young carpenter who worked for the people of Nazareth and almost always carried his bag of tools upon his back. Joseph loved Mary and she had promised that some day she would come and live with him and belong to him always.

One day Mary sat alone. Suddenly a light shone on her face and made her look more beautiful than ever. She looked up and saw an angel standing beside her. The angel had a beautiful face and shining eyes like Mary's own.

Mary looked in wonder. She had never seen an angel before. Softly the angel spoke. "I came to bring you a message from the heavenly Father," he said. "All the people are watching for his coming. He is coming very soon now, but not in the way that the people think. He is not coming as a great King. He is coming as a little child. He will be born just as all

little babies are born and he will grow up just like any other little child. He will do this so that all little children who ever live will know that he understands all their troubles because he was a child, too.

"This little child is to be born to a mother in the world, and the heavenly Father has chosen you, Mary, to be that mother, and I have come to you with the glad news. The Baby's name shall be Jesus and he will grow up to save fathers and mothers and little children everywhere from sin and wrong."

Then the angel suddenly went away and left Mary alone. Mary did not understand all that the angel had said, but she knew that in some way the heavenly Father had chosen her to help him by sending her this little Child, and she was very, very glad.

## LESSON 9

### THE COMING OF THE HEAVENLY FATHER TO LIVE AMONG MEN

Luke 2:8-20

Pictures to be used with this story: Apparition to the Shepherds, Plockhorst; Arrival of the Shepherds, LeRolle.

Memory Verse: "We love, because he first loved us."—I John 4:19.

*A thought for the teacher:* "Thou didst manifest thyself to the shepherds in the voice of singing and to the wise men in the gleam of a star, but to us thou art revealed in the joy and peace of our daily life."

It was fast growing dark. The stars were already beginning to shine out in the skies, when down the road

toward the city of Bethlehem came a gray donkey. He came slowly, for upon his back rode a gentle, sweet-faced woman, and beside her walked a man in poor clothing. The woman seemed very tired, for every now and then she dropped her head down upon the donkey's neck as if to rest better.

"We are almost there," said Joseph. "See, there is a light shining near the gate of Bethlehem. Perhaps we can find an inn there where, for a little money, they will give us a bed and something to eat. The donkey, too, must have a place to rest and a handful of hay. He has become lame on the journey."

They were at the gate now. Passing through, the man led the donkey toward the twinkling lights in the windows of the inn, which stood beside the city wall. The wind was cold. In the yard camels slept here and there on piles of dirty rugs, and donkeys were tied to posts around the yard. Many people had come to the inn that night. Lights shone from the windows and from within came the sound of many people laughing and talking together. Mary dropped her head on the donkey's neck and waited while Joseph knocked at the door. The man who kept the inn answered the knock. He wore a big, white apron and he had been making merry with the rest.

"Our house is full," he said to Joseph. "There is no room here for you. You may find room at another place perhaps farther on down the road. I do not know. But we are crowded. There is no room here." Tears came into Mary's beautiful eyes. They had come such

a long way, and she was so very tired. "We cannot go farther to-night," said Joseph. "See, the woman is too ill, and our donkey is lame. Have you no little place, no matter how poor, where we could stay out of the cold wind to-night?"

The man looked at Mary's beautiful face. It made him think of the pure white lilies that grew in the fields of Bethlehem. When he spoke again, his voice was softer and more kindly. "There is nothing," he said, "but an empty stable back in the yard where the sheep stay. The sheep are all out on the hills to-night. There is hay there for a bed, and it will be better than sleeping out under the stars. It is all I can do. There is no other place."

Then he closed the door, shutting in the bright light, and the warmth, and the happy voices, and Joseph led the tired donkey slowly around toward the stable. It had no door. Only a piece of old carpet hung down in front to keep out the cold and rain. Gently Joseph lifted Mary from the donkey's back and they went inside. There was a bare floor, and around the wall were mangers, little boxes, just high enough for the sheep to eat from, all filled with hay. Joseph pulled some hay out of the mangers and scattered it on the floor for a bed. Then, as Mary slept, he stepped outside to keep watch through the night.

Out on the hills the shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks by night. One of the shepherds had built a fire of sticks, and the others had gathered around it, half sleeping, half listening for the sound of wild

animals that might be creeping near, hoping to carry off a baby lamb. One shepherd walked up and down, and as he walked he looked up often at the great, dark sky sprinkled with its thousands of tiny silver stars. Suddenly he gave a cry. A great, golden light burst through the blackness of the sky and swept over the heavens with a glorious brightness.

"Awake! come quickly!" he called to the sleeping shepherds. "What does it mean? The sky is on fire."

As the shepherds stood watching, out from the brightest spot came an angel, down toward the shepherds, nearer and nearer. The shepherds had never seen an angel. They were afraid. Falling to the ground, they covered their heads with their coats and waited. The angel gently spoke:

"Be not afraid. I have come to you from the heavenly Father with a message of great joy. This night the Father has kept his promise. He has come to the earth to live among fathers, mothers, and little children. He comes not as a great King, wearing a crown of gold, but as a little Baby. His home to-night is a stable rough and bare, and his bed is a manger filled with hay. He comes to show all people how to be loving and kindly and helpful one to another. All who listen to his voice and follow in his way shall have great peace and joy such as they have never known before."

When the angel finished speaking there was a sound of singing in the sky. The song told of the coming of the little Child,

"Come!" cried the shepherds to one another. "Let us go into Bethlehem and see if we can find the Baby of whom the angels sang."

So, leaving the sheep, they hurried into the city and down the dark streets until they came to the inn by the city wall where Mary and Joseph had stopped only a little while before. The yard was filled with a wonderful, shining light. Softly the shepherds pushed back the curtain. There on the hay was the mother, Mary, and, in a manger filled with soft hay, there was a little Baby, the little Lord Jesus.

The mother, Mary, listened as the shepherds knelt beside the manger and told her of the angel that had come to them as they were watching their sheep, and of all that had been told them. Mary remembered the day when an angel had come to her and had told her these same things. She would be so glad to have her little Baby grow up to love and help people!

She did not understand, a little later, when the Wise Men brought beautiful gifts of gold and perfume to the little Jesus, and called him their King. They said that for many years they had been waiting and watching for a great King who was to come to them. They had been told that when he came a great, beautiful star would shine in the sky and lead them to him. Now the star had come, and they had followed it day and night until it had stopped above the place where the little Lord Jesus lay.



## LESSON 10

THE STORY OF HOW LITTLE CHILDREN LISTENED  
TO JESUS

Mark 10: 13-16

Picture to be used with this story: Christ Blessing Little Children, Hofmann.

Memory Verse: "Be ye kind one to another."—Ephesians 4: 32.

Do you remember the story of the first Christmas night? How, as the shepherds were watching their sheep on the hillside, the sky was suddenly filled with a shining light and with angels singing? Do you remember how the Wise Men, led by the light of a beautiful star, found the little Lord Jesus, and told Mary strange stories of how her little Child was to be King of all the world?

Little Jesus grew as all little children grow. One day, when he was no longer a little boy, he left his home and went out to speak to fathers, mothers, and little children, to be their King, just as the Wise Men had said. His clothes were poor and not like the clothes of a king, but there was a great shining in his face like the shining in the skies on that first Christmas night. Wherever he walked great crowds of fathers, mothers, and little children followed him and pressed close to take his hand. They knew that he loved them. Wherever he went he brought joy and peace just as the Christmas angels had said he would do. When a mother or a father or a little child lay sick in bed he needed only to give a soft touch of his hand and they would be well, because he loved them so. He fed the

hungry people, and he helped all who were in trouble. He told them beautiful stories, showing them that they must help one another if they wanted to be happy.

Far away from the place where Jesus was staying there lived a little child. The child's mother had told him all about Jesus and the beautiful things he did each day to show his love for fathers, mothers, and little children. The child had come to love Jesus, too, though he had never seen his face. "Mother," said the child one day, "will you take me to see Jesus? I should like to put my hand in his hand. I would like to run to him and tell him how I love him. Is he far from here? May we go to-day?" "Not to-day, but perhaps to-morrow," said the mother. "There are other mothers who have been wanting to go to him, too. To-morrow we will all go together to find him. The mothers will bring their babies to see Jesus. We will dress little Mary and take her, too."

Early the next morning, down the road toward the place where Jesus was, came the mothers and babies and little children. The little child skipped along with the others, picking the flowers that grew by the road and singing little songs of joy. To-day she would see Jesus. It was a long way, and by and by the children's feet grew very tired. The mothers were tired, too, for the babies were growing heavy in their arms.

"Where will we find Jesus, mother?" asked the little child. "That I do not know," said the mother. "We must look for him until we find him. He is always busy helping some one. Perhaps he is with some

little sick child, or out by the lake, talking to Peter, the fisherman."

Up and down they walked, asking each one they met if he had seen Jesus and could tell them where Jesus might be found. Suddenly in front of them they saw a great crowd of people.

"It must be that Jesus is there," said the child's mother, "for the people always crowd around him so, to hear his beautiful words. Perhaps some one has brought a little sick child to him and he is making it well."

The mothers pressed closer. Yes, Jesus was there, but there were no little children beside him. He was talking to the disciples. They were asking him questions, and the people had crowded close to listen.

"Mother," cried the little child, "may we not go to him? Come."

The disciples saw the little child trying to get through the crowd to Jesus, and all the other children and mothers who were behind. "Why do you come here to trouble Jesus?" they asked. "He has no time to-day for little children. He is busy talking with us. He cannot stop to talk to a little child."

Tears came into the child's eyes. The lovely pink clovers that she had picked along the road to give to Jesus fell from her hand. If she could not talk to him, how could she tell him how much she loved him? But Jesus heard the men speak, and, turning around, he saw the little child.

"Let the children come to me," he said. "Do not

keep them away!" And, stooping down, he gathered the little child into his arms and held her close to him. The people stepped back now and let the other little children and the mothers get to Jesus. To each little child he spoke a loving word, and one by one he took the babies in his arms and blessed them.

The other people were crowding close now. The children must not stay. The little child stooped to pick up the clover blossoms lying at his feet and crept close to Jesus. "I love you, oh, I love you!" she whispered, as she laid the poor, torn clover blossoms in his hand. How much she wished that she had something beautiful to bring him! Jesus smiled. Drawing the little child close to him, he laid his hand a moment gently on her head with a touch that warmed her heart.

"If you love me," he whispered softly, "be kind and good and helpful. Even though you cannot always see my face, you can always hear my voice calling to you. Then some day you shall come to live with me in my home where thousands of happy little children play all day long."

NOTE.—In connection with this story use the song, "Be ye kind one to another," "Songs for Little People," Number 44; "Suffer Little Children," Number 41, in the same book, is also suggested for use with this lesson. A lovely little riming verse for the children to learn is this:

"Happy as a robin,  
Gentle as a dove—  
That's the sort of little child  
Everyone will love."

## LESSON 11

THE LAMB THAT DID NOT LISTEN TO THE  
SHEPHERD'S VOICE

Luke 15:4-7; John 10:1-16

Pictures to be used with this story: Christ the Good Shepherd, Ploekhorst; Christ the Good Shepherd, Molitor.

Memory Verses: If the story is told just as it is written here, use for memory verse: "The good shepherd layeth down his life for the sheep."—John 10:11.

If, however, the story is given the ending, as suggested in the note at the close of the lesson, use for the memory verse: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me."—John 10:27. Or, if desired, use simply the words, "My sheep hear my voice."

When Jesus lived among mothers, fathers, and little children, he told them many beautiful stories. He often called himself the Shepherd, and he called the mothers, fathers, and little children his sheep and lambs.

This is the story he told them one day of "the lamb that did not listen to the shepherd's voice":

Once upon a time there was a shepherd who had a hundred sheep. He loved every one and he knew each one by name. Every morning he opened wide the gate of the sheepfold and, gently calling his sheep each by its own name, he led them up the hillside, where they could find plenty of fresh, sweet grass to eat and quiet little pools of water from which to drink. All day the shepherd went before them, tapping his stick on the ground to feel for any holes hidden in the long grass in which the sheep might catch their feet and stumble. He watched, too, for the snakes that often hid in the grass and tried to bite the feet of the sheep and lambs

as they passed by. Then there were the steep places over which the sheep might fall and get hurt if they wandered too near the edge. When the shepherd saw that one of his sheep was near one of these dangerous places, he would call to it. Hearing the shepherd's voice, the sheep would come running to his side.

One day, as the sheep and little lambs were feeding on the hillside, the wind began to blow. Great, black rain clouds swept across the sky. A hard storm was coming. The shepherd knew he must be quick if he would gather his sheep together and get them safely into the sheepfold before the rain came dashing down over the hillside, frightening the sheep and driving them here and there.

Some of the sheep were nibbling the grass on the hills far away. The shepherd put his hands to his mouth and gave a loud, clear call. The sheep looked up, then, turning, ran toward the shepherd, tumbling over one another in their hurry to get there first. They knew the shepherd's voice. They knew that it was the voice of love.

Often that call had come when there was trouble or danger. Perhaps, away off over the hills, would be heard the sound of a lion or a bear. Following it, clear and sweet, would come the voice of the shepherd. Running to him, the sheep would gather around him, frightened, shivering, while he would drive the wild beast away.

Now they came running to him in answer to the same call. Down the hill he led them. In through the door

of the sheepfold they passed, one by one, and as they pattered by the shepherd laid his hand gently on each woolly head, and called his sheep by name. The last sheep passed safely in through the door of the sheepfold. Suddenly the rain came pouring down over the hillside. The wind blew fiercely through the trees. It tore off great branches and threw them to the ground and sent great stones rolling down the hill. Lightning flashed in the sky; followed by the crashing of thunder.

Suddenly the shepherd missed one of his sheep. Somewhere, out in the darkness, the cold, and the rain, far from the sound of the shepherd's voice, wandered a baby lamb. It had not come with the rest when the shepherd called. The shepherd loved each one of his sheep. He loved this baby lamb. Fastening his coat more tightly around him, he passed through the sheepfold door and up the hill, through the rain and the wind and the night, to find that baby lamb.

"Little Sheep! Little Sheep!" he called softly, for that was the baby lamb's name. But no little lamb came running at the call. Higher and higher the shepherd climbed. He stumbled and fell on the sharp stones. His hands and his face were cut and torn with the sharp branches of the trees that the wind blew in his path. He was cold and wet and ready to drop, but still he climbed and still he called: "Little Sheep! Little Sheep!"

What was that sound he heard? Was it a faint little cry, away, far off? Was that the cry of the lamb? Could he reach it in time? The storm grew worse.

Again and again the shepherd fell on the stones. "Little Sheep! Little Sheep!" he called. The answering "Ba-a!" was very near now. And at last, caught in a prickery bush, the shepherd found "Little Sheep." He was cold and wet and cut with the sharp stones. The shepherd caught him in his arms and covered him with his great coat to keep him from the wind and rain. Then, holding the little lamb close, he slipped and fell to the ground. The shepherd, tired out with the wind and the rain, could go no farther. The next day when the storm was over the people came up the hillside looking for the shepherd. They found "Little Sheep" cuddled close in the shepherd's arm, warm and dry and safe, but the shepherd had given his life for the sheep because he loved it.

NOTE.—Many kindergartners feel that we should bring to the child nothing that is sad or sorrowful or has to do with pain or suffering. The ending of this story, while emphasizing a beautiful truth, may be too sorrowful for the very little child. When the kindergartner feels that this is the case, she may finish the story by telling of the shepherd, rejoicing over the finding of the sheep, carrying it safely back to the sheepfold, where "Little Sheep," warmed and fed and comforted, learns the necessity of listening carefully to the shepherd's voice.

## LESSON 12

### JESUS TALKING WITH PETER

John 21: 1-17

Pictures to be used with this story: Christ and the Fisherman, Zimmerman; Christ the Good Shepherd, Plockhorst; Christ Teaching from a Boat, Hofmann; "Behold, I Stand at the Door" (Christ Knocking at the Door), Hofmann.

Memory Verse: "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments."—John 14: 15.

Often a fisherman named Peter worked all night long out on the lake catching fish. He fished at night



because, when it was cool and dark, the fish came up out of the deep water, and were more easily caught in his great net. In the morning, when the sun began to shine, they swam way down to the bottom of the lake and lay among the cool weeds and grasses. So when the sun began to shine, Peter knew he might pull in his net and go home.

One morning, when Peter had just pulled his boat up on the shore, Jesus passed by, and called to him to follow. Peter left his boat and followed Jesus, and, from that day, he went with Jesus wherever Jesus went, because he loved him.

Often Jesus went with Peter when he went out on the lake at night. One night Peter never forgot. Jesus had been helping people all day and was very tired. As Peter and the other fishermen rowed out over the dark lake, Jesus fell fast asleep. Suddenly a storm arose, great black clouds swept across the sky, the wind blew fiercely, and Peter's boat was tossed up and down on the dark waves. The disciples had called to Jesus and he heard them. Quietly he spoke to the wind and the waves and the storm stopped suddenly.

Another night, as Peter and the others rowed out over the lake, Jesus was not in the boat with them. They talked quietly together and were very sad. Jesus had been crucified, but he was alive again, but they did not have the chance to see him every day. They could not see Jesus now, as they used to see him, walking down their streets, or out on the hillside, or teaching beside the lake. How much they wanted to touch

his hand and listen to his beautiful words again! All night long Peter and the others let down their nets into the lake, but caught not a single fish. Early in the morning, tired and wet and cold; they pulled in their nets and rowed for the shore.

As they drew near, they saw some one walking on the sand. He called to them, "Children, have you any meat?" When they answered, "No," he called again. "Let your net down on the right side of the boat and you will find all you wish." Wondering who the Stranger could be, they let down their net as he had told them, and suddenly the net was so full of fish they could not pull it into the boat.

"It is Jesus who called us! It is Jesus who has done this for us!" cried John.

"Jesus!" With a glad cry Peter jumped into the water that he might get to Jesus sooner. Oh, how glad he was to see Jesus again, to hear his voice, to touch his hand, and to be near him! Jesus had built a fire on the sand and he had fish and bread ready for them to eat. When they had eaten the bread and fish, Jesus looked into Peter's eyes.

"Peter," he asked gently, "do you love me?"

"You know how I love you," cried Peter.

"Then," said Jesus, "feed my lambs."

In a few moments he asked again, "Peter, lovest thou me?"

"O Jesus, you know how much, how very much I love you," cried Peter.

"Then feed my sheep," said Jesus.

As they sat around the fire, once again Jesus called to Peter, "Lovest thou me?"

Peter was troubled because Jesus asked him so many times. "Jesus," he cried, "you know everything. You know how much I love you."

"If you love me," said Jesus, "feed my sheep."

Then Jesus and Peter had a quiet talk together. Jesus told Peter that soon he must go back to the heavenly country. Peter would not be able to see his face or touch his hand, but Jesus would be very near, so near that Peter would hear his voice calling to him many times through the day, telling him what to do.

"My sheep and lambs are the fathers and mothers, and little children," he told Peter. "Many of them are hungry and sick and in trouble, and there will be many little babies who will not know how much I love them, and will not know my voice when I call to them. Do you love me enough, Peter, to take care of all these, my sheep and my lambs, to feed them, and help them, and tell them of my love? It will be hard, but if you love me you can do hard things, and I will be with you always."

Soon after this Jesus was standing on a mountain talking to Peter and the others when suddenly he was lifted up into the air. A great, beautiful cloud passed over him, and, when they looked again, he was not there. But two angels in shining white stood by them. "He will come to you again," they said, softly, "and, even though you cannot see his face, he will be very near always."

As Peter walked slowly toward the town, he seemed to hear a voice saying softly, "If you love me, feed my sheep." So, like Jesus, Peter went among the sick people and the troubled people, and he taught always of the heavenly Father's love.

## LESSON 13

### THE STORY OF THE MOTHER DANDELION THAT FORGOT TO LISTEN TO THE FATHER'S VOICE

Reading for the Teacher, Luke 12: 27, 28

Picture to be used with this story: Spring, Knaus.

Memory Verse: "Consider the lilies, how they grow."—Luke 12: 27.

Once upon a time there was a dandelion that wasn't happy. It grew right outside of a lovely garden in one corner beside the garden gate, but it wanted to be inside beside the red geraniums and roses and velvet-faced pansies. It stretched and stretched, trying to get inside the gate or over the wall, but it was of no use, and so the dandelion drooped her head and felt very sad indeed. She would not listen when she heard the voice of the Father calling to her to lift up her face toward the shining sun, and when the dew came each morning to wash the faces of all the flowers and leaves and grasses, she would not listen to the voice of love telling her to lift her head so that her face might be washed fresh and clean.

Of course, when day after day the dandelion would not listen to the voices calling to it, it grew very dirty and dusty and so ragged and untidy looking. When the bees and the butterflies came looking for honey they

flew right past the dandelion, for she did not look as if she could possibly have any for them.

Finally one day the ragged, dirty little dandelion saw that lovely things were happening to the other dandelions all around her. They were all puffed out like great, white balls, but when she looked closer, she saw that the balls were made of hundreds of tiny white wings that grew from the backs of as many little brown-coated babies. Then the dandelion felt very lonely.

"Why haven't I any babies?" she asked.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz," whispered a big bumblebee in her ear, as he was passing by. "You have, but you do not listen to the Father's voice telling you how to take care of them. Your babies are sleeping close around your feet in their little white nightgowns. They will freeze when winter comes if you let them out without first giving to each a little brown coat." "But where will I get little brown coats for them?" asked the mother dandelion. "If you will only look up toward the sun, he will give you some gold dust upon your yellow dress. This must be scattered over your babies to make little brown coats. We bees and butterflies come to the flowers looking for honey that is buried deep down where the baby seeds sleep. We are glad to shake down some of the gold dust on the flower babies, as we pass along. You look so dirty and dusty and ragged, none of the bees and butterflies think you have any honey for them, and so they do not stop to see you."

And, with a buzz, the big bumblebee flew away.

The dirty-faced dandelion felt very much ashamed. The next morning she lifted up her head so the dew could wash her face, and when the great, shining sun came into the sky she held her head very straight, and all day long she looked right into his eyes until she caught some of his shining, golden look. She looked so clean and fresh that near nighttime a butterfly, passing by, stopped to look for honey. Way down in the center of the dandelion he found some. And oh, what else do you think he found there? Why dozens and dozens of tiny seed babies, in little white nightgowns, fast asleep. Of course when he stepped on the dandelion, looking for the honey, he caught some of the gold powder on his feet and now, as he sipped his honey, he shook the gold powder off his feet, and down upon the sleeping babies. That was just the way the Father had planned for mother dandelion, but before this she wouldn't listen to his voice, so, of course, he couldn't help her.

It was not very long now before mother dandelion dropped her yellow skirts and carried, too, a lovely ball of babies. She had forgotten all about wanting to get into the garden now. She was so busy taking care of babies. She knew, though, that they would never grow until they had slept in the warm, brown earth. She knew just why the Father had given each brown-coated baby a tiny wing. Soon the wind would come and blow her babies into the air, and they would sail and sail until they dropped down to the ground, and then some day they would wake up and grow. But mother dan-

dandelion did not have to wait for the wind. Over the grass came running a little girl. "Oh, what a lovely white ball of baby dandelions!" she cried. "They are waiting to fly away." Puff! one big blow, and away every dandelion baby seed went sailing in the air. Higher and higher they went, yes, right over the garden gate, then down, down right among the bed of velvet-faced pansies.

Of course, they did not know that they were in the garden, for they were still fast asleep, but the mother dandelion all alone saw what happened, and she smiled and was very happy.

## LESSON 14

### THE MOTHER BIRD WHO LISTENED TO THE FATHER'S VOICE

Reading for the Teacher: Luke 12: 24

Pictures to be used with this story: Robin Redbreasts, Munier; pictures of birds and their nests from Mumford's collection of Bird Plates.

Memory Verse: "Your heavenly Father feedeth them."—Matthew 6: 26.

Once upon a time, high up in a tree, in Mary's back yard, there lived a father bird and a mother bird. It was springtime when they came. All the trees were covered with fresh, beautiful, green leaves. Everywhere people were busy making gardens, and the air was full of fresh, sweet, growing things. All along the street the mothers were sitting out on their front steps, with their tiny babies, enjoying the warm sunshine, and the streets were filled with little children laughing and playing. Some of the fathers were coming down the

street from work swinging their empty dinner pails. It was light now when the fathers came from work. Mary's father was just coming in the gate and Mary was skipping along beside him, when she saw the father bird sitting on the back fence. He seemed to be looking for something. "Tweet! tweet!" he called. Among the leaves of a tree, at the end of the yard, another voice answered, "Tweet! tweet!" "Tweet!" called the bird on the fence again. "Tweet!" came back the answer, and when Mary looked again two birds sat together on the fence talking—a father bird and a mother bird.

Later they built their nest in a tree in one corner of Mary's yard, and now the mother bird did not fly away. All day she sat quietly upon the nest. She had a beautiful secret. In her nest she had laid four little, blue eggs. Tenderly she covered them with her wings and waited for the time when she would hear faint little "peeps!" and feel four little baby birds stirring beneath her feet.

One day the baby birds came. Mary could not see way up into the nest, but she saw the father bird flying back and forth with worms in his mouth, and, when he reached the nest, she could hear all the baby birds crying together for their breakfast.

Little by little the baby birds grew, and one day the father and mother bird taught them how to fly. They were too big for the nest now.

The warm days were almost over. Already the leaves were beginning to fall from the trees and the



children put on their hats and coats when they went to school.

One day the mother bird flew away to the top of the tallest tree and, looking far off to the south, sang a new song. It was very low and sweet. The young birds had never heard this song before. She sang of another home far from the tree in Mary's yard, where they must soon be going.

"O mother bird!" cried the children. "Why do you want to fly away and leave our home here? It is pleasant here in Mary's yard. The sun shines warm and we find plenty on the ground to eat."

"Children," said the mother bird softly, "there is a voice that tells me it is time to go. I have always listened to that voice. I did not always live here in Mary's yard. I was happy in a place far from here where oranges grow. One day the voice told me to fly toward the north. I came. Here I found Father Bird. We built our nest and in that nest you were born. The voice that called me here has always cared for us. It is the voice of Love. Now that same voice tells me we must spread our wings and fly away to the south. I do not know why. Perhaps the sun will not always shine so brightly here, and perhaps by and by we may not be able to find worms in the ground. See, the leaves are beginning to fall, and the children put on their coats now when they go out to play. I do not know why we go, or where we are going, but the voice that calls us will show us the way perhaps to some better country even than this."

So, next morning, the bird family said good-by to their old home in the tree in Mary's yard, and, rising in the air, flew away toward the south. Mary saw them go and watched them until finally they were only tiny black specks in the blue sky.

Just where they were going they did not know, but the heavenly Father, who cares for little children, cares, too, for father, mother, and baby birds and he led them safely all the way.

That night the wind blew loudly through the trees. It tore the leaves from the branches and threw them to the ground, and with them down came the nest. In the morning the houses, the trees, the sidewalks, and the ground were covered with snow and the little nest was nowhere to be seen, but the bird family was safely on its way. Next day while, far away in the north, Mary and the other children played in the snow, the bird family came to a beautiful country where flowers were growing and the sun was shining brightly. Flying up into an orange tree, in a beautiful garden, they sang a glad song of "thank you."

## LESSON 15

### THE BIRTHDAY BOUQUET

Picture to be used with this story: Madonna and Infant Child, Gabriel Max.

Memory Verse: "If God doth so clothe the grass of the field, . . . shall he not much more clothe you?"—Matthew 6: 30.

Once upon a time there was a little boy. He was very unhappy because it was his mother's birthday and

he had no flowers to bring her. His mother loved flowers. He had always had a bouquet for her on her birthday, but other years it had been easier to get the flowers, for they had lived in the country then and flowers grew everywhere in the gardens around the house and all along the road.

The houses were so close together on his street now that there was no room for gardens where one could grow lovely flowers of his own. The woods and fields where a child could gather great armfuls of blossoms were too far away. There were beautiful red and white roses in the flower-house windows, but one must have money to buy them. Even one red rose cost more than the little boy had been able to save in his bank all summer. He put on his cap and went out for a walk to think it over. There were no trees along the street, just rows and rows of houses with sidewalks that came way up under the windows and left no room for even a tiny garden bed beside the steps. Finally the boy came to an empty lot. No house had ever been built there. Some one could have made a lovely garden out of it, but, instead, the people near by dumped out in the lot all the things they didn't care for, papers, old tin cans and broken furniture, until it as a very untidy place indeed. The ground was hard and dry.

The little boy stood kicking the dusty earth with the toe of his shoe when, suddenly from somewhere near his feet, he heard little voices calling to him: "Look here! Look here! We're very near." The voices seemed to come from under an old tin can just ahead

of him. Picking up the tin can, he saw dozens and dozens of tiny green plants growing right in the middle of rubbish and dirt. Surely no one had planted them there. They must have grown there by themselves. "Take me! Oh, please take me!" called a little voice at his toe. "Your mother would like me, I know."

"And who are you?" asked the little boy, quite surprised.

"I am a baby burdock," answered the little voice. "You don't see me; look closer. My leaves are the largest here. They are rough and green on top and a lovely silver underneath. Right by your hand there!"

Sure enough, there was a lovely plant with green and silver leaves. The little boy carefully picked several of the beautiful leaves. How pretty they were! Why hadn't he seen them before?

"Won't I do? Take me, too!" called another voice.

Looking carefully, the boy saw a lovely green dandelion plant. It had long, slender leaves with points all along each side which made it look very pretty indeed. Picking several of the largest, he put them with the baby burdock leaves.

"Don't pass me by, don't pass me by!" called another little voice.

Pushing away a big burdock leaf, the boy found a lovely clump of green clover leaves. Each little clover was made of three tiny round parts and each part was painted with finest silver.

"Why, you are beautiful!" said the little boy. "I will take you all just as you are."

He gave a little pull and up came the clovers, bringing with them a long, beautiful white root out of the brown earth.

"Oh, how pretty!" cried the little boy again. "I will take you, too!"

Just a little farther away were some lovely tall grasses nodding in the wind. There were three different kinds. One was broad and flat like a long green and white ribbon, and there were two kinds of "pussy" grasses. The children called them "pussy" grasses because the tassel part where the seed babies slept looked like a pussy's tail. Several of the soft pretty grasses he laid with the dandelion and burdock and clover leaves. He found some yellow mustard, too. Why, who would think there were so many different beautiful kinds of leaves hidden away in the lot!

"I have a big bouquet now," cried the little boy. "I must hurry home and bring them to mother for her birthday."

Running down the street, he passed the postman, on his way from house to house with his heavy leather bag.

The little boy held up his bouquet. "Look what I have for mother's birthday," he called. The postman was very busy. He looked up quickly. "Oh, yes, weeds, aren't they! But they're very pretty." "Oh," called the little boy, "you really have to look very close to see how beautiful they are," and he ran on toward home.

He found his mother sitting on the back porch peeling potatoes for his dinner. "Look, mother!" he called,

"these are for your birthday!" and he laid them in her lap. "Why, what beautiful little leaves and grasses!" said the mother, joyously. "And each one so different! The heavenly Father makes beautiful things, doesn't he, dear?" "Yes, mother!" said the little boy. "But you really don't know how beautiful they are until you look very close. I've passed the vacant lots many times before and I never even knew there was the tiniest green thing growing there. You have to hunt to find beautiful things, don't you, mother, dear?" And he gave her a loving squeeze and a kiss.

The mother filled an empty milk bottle with water and, putting in the thirsty leaves and grasses, she set them on the window sill in the sunshine. Then she stooped and kissed the little boy. "If my little boy will always keep his ears and eyes open as he did today, he will hear and see many beautiful things that the heavenly Father has made for those who love him," she said, softly.

## LESSON 16

### A LITTLE CHILD WHO LISTENED TO THE FATHER'S VOICE AND WAS HAPPY

(A True Story)

Reading for the Teacher: Luke 21: 1-4

Picture to be used with this story: Child's Head, Voegel.

Memory Verse: "Beloved, let us love one another."—I. John 4: 7.

Once upon a time there was a little boy whose name was Joe. Joe came to kindergarten every morning and always had such happy times. He was especially happy

now, because day after to-morrow would be Thanksgiving Day and he was busy making a lovely paper basket full of beautifully colored fruits and vegetables for his mother. That morning when the children stood on the ring with their hats and coats on, Miss Mary, instead of saying "good-by" to them, called them softly over to the story chair. She told them a beautiful story about a little lame squirrel who was found crying in the woods on Thanksgiving Day, because he was so hungry. She told them how the chipmunks and the woodchucks and the brown bunnies all gave something of their own for his Thanksgiving dinner.

"I'm afraid we can't find any hungry squirrels living near," said Miss Mary, "but there are some hungry little children on our street. To-morrow would you each like to bring something nice to eat and take it to them for their Thanksgiving?"

The children could hardly wait until next morning. One child came in bringing a thick piece of bread, spread with lard. Another brought a tiny apple. Another brought a cooky. Still another brought several little potatoes in a bag.

Little Rosie, who was often hungry herself, had saved a tiny bite of bread from the piece that she had been given for breakfast that morning. She had wrapped it carefully in a big piece of newspaper for fear she might eat it on the way, for she was still hungry.

Joe came running into the kindergarten with the rest, but no little package stuck out of his coat pocket, and

he had nothing in his hands. He had forgotten all about the Thanksgiving gifts. Miss Mary looked very sober. "Didn't you bring anything for the children, Joe?" she asked. Joe felt deep in his pockets. "I have a penny," he said, "I can buy something." So he ran for his hat and coat and soon came back with four little white peppermints in a candy bag. He looked at them longingly. It was hard to drop them in the basket. Joe was very fond of peppermints.

"I think I'll give the children one," he said to Miss Mary, "and I'll eat the rest. May I?"

"Why, to-day we are giving to others, because it is Thanksgiving Day," said Miss Mary. "The best way to say thank you to the Father is to help him take care of some of his other children. The candy is yours, of course. You may keep it if you wish, but wait and see whom we find on the street."

It was soon time to get hats and coats on again and go out with the gifts to the poor children. Every child went to the basket and took his gift and then stood in line ready to march out to the street. It was a warm, pleasant day, even though it was Thanksgiving time, and many little children were playing on the street or were looking out of the doors and windows. Joe looked into his bag. He took out one peppermint and then shut the bag up tight.

"I'll give this one to the poor children," he said, "and then I'll have three."

Suddenly he saw just ahead down the street a very ragged little boy. His bare toes were sticking out from



very broken little shoes and his coat was dirty and ragged. He was all alone and was crying. Joe ran up to him, and tucked the peppermint in his hand. He felt very happy as he ran back into line.

He opened his bag and took out another peppermint. "I'll eat the other two, and give this one to the poor children," he said to Miss Mary.

Down around the corner they came to a little tumble-down house. A little face looked out of the window. It was very white and thin, and it did not smile back at the merry faces of the children. Joe ran up to the window. "Open!" he called, "and I'll give you something!" And he poked the second peppermint through the window into the child's hand. The child held the peppermint tightly and smiled back. Joe looked into his bag. There were only two pieces left now.

"I think I'll keep just one for myself," said Joe, and he took the other out of the bag.

Suddenly a child behind him began to cry. It was little Tony, one of the three-year-olds at Miss Helen's table. He had dropped in the mud the cooky he was carrying, and now he had nothing to give.

"Here, you can have my peppermint," said Joe. "Look, isn't this nice?" Tony reached out for the peppermint and dried his tears and the children went on their way.

Joe was skipping along very happily now. There was only one peppermint in his bag, but he seemed to have forgotten that he had meant to keep it for himself.

Just around the corner, in front of him, ran a little yellow dog. It looked frightened and cold and hungry, and held up one paw as it ran.

"Here, doggy, nice doggy, doggy !" called Joe. And as the dog ran up he dropped the last peppermint on the sidewalk in front of him. The dog looked at Joe with glad, grateful eyes. He gave a little whine, and then licked the white peppermint with his tongue. Finding it good, he crunched it between his teeth. When the last bit was gone he gave a short, sharp little bark of "thank you"! Then he turned and followed the children back to the kindergarten.

Each child found a cup of fresh sweet milk and a rosy apple waiting beside his place, and Miss Mary let Joe put a basin of milk in the center of the ring for the little dog. He ran to it and lapped it up quickly as if he were very, very hungry. Quietly the children bowed their heads and folded their hands, and softly sang, "Father, we thank thee." It had been a very happy morning.

Soon it was time to say good-by, and with happy hearts the children skipped away home.

As Joe said his "good-by" to Miss Mary, he whispered softly in her ear: "I am glad I gave all my candies away. I didn't keep even one."

"I am sure the heavenly Father was glad, too, Joe, that you listened each time to his voice, telling you what to do," said Miss Mary, smiling back at him. "Little children who listen to the Father's voice are always happy."

## LESSON 17

## WHY GENNIE DID NOT TAKE THE LITTLE WHITE SHEEP

Reading for the Teacher: Matthew 4: 1-11

Picture to be used with this story: Going Home from School, Bouguereau.

Memory Verse: "Imitate not that which is evil, but that which is good."—III John 11.

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Gennie. Gennie found it very hard to keep from taking things that were not hers. When she strung the pretty colored beads in the kindergarten, she wanted to put just one red bead in her pocket. When some child put his cracker on the table to save to take home to mother, Gennie found it hard to keep from breaking off a very little piece as she went by. When she saw a penny on Miss Mary's table, it was so hard not to reach out and touch it, and perhaps hold it in her hands for a little while, forgetting that it was not her own.

The "green basket" stood every day in the center of the kindergarten table, and into this the children put all the little things they had brought from home, a little toy or a picture or a frosted bun. Then when it was time to say "good-by" Miss Mary held out the basket and every child came and took the thing that was his own.

One day Tommy came to kindergarten hugging a bundle inside his blouse. It was something very precious indeed. When the children were all in the ring, Tommy pulled it out to show them. It was a tiny,

white, woolly sheep, that said "Ba-a!" when one pressed on its head. Tommy made it say "Ba-a!" several times for the children, then he ran to put it in the green basket. There were other things in the basket besides the white sheep—a lovely red apple that Mary had brought, some little pictures that Helen and Josie had cut out of the newspaper at home, the Red Cross button that belonged to Stanley, and a piece of chocolate candy that Fleming had put there.

When Gennie skipped past the table on the way to the cupboard, she stopped and looked at the tiny white sheep. It was such a pretty little sheep, just large enough to cuddle in one's hand. Gennie wanted that sheep, but, of course, it was not hers. It belonged to Tommy. When Gennie came back from the cupboard she stopped again beside the table. She picked up the white sheep in her hand and felt its soft, woolly coat—and then—she put it in her apron pocket and walked back to her table.

From somewhere very near, a voice seemed to call to Gennie: "Gennie, the little sheep is Tommy's. It is not yours. Put it back, dear." Gennie put her hand in her pocket and touched the little white sheep and then looked toward the basket. "You will never be happy with Tommy's little sheep in your pocket," whispered the voice. Two big tears came in Gennie's eyes. She put her hand into her pocket. When it came out it held the little woolly sheep. Running to the table, Gennie dropped the sheep back into the green basket beside Mary's apple and Fleming's candy.

Then she felt very, very happy. She ran back to the table and sang a little song, as she played with her blocks. When it was time to go home, Miss Mary held out the green basket, and Tommy came up smiling to take his woolly sheep. Oh, how glad Gennie was that she had put it back! Some one else was glad, too. Can you guess who?

Do you remember when Jesus lived on earth, how he called little children and took them in his arms and talked to them? He still talks to children the same way to-day, though we cannot see his face.

It was Jesus' voice speaking in Gennie's heart that called to her when she wanted to take Tommy's sheep. I'm glad she listened to his voice, for little children are always happiest when they listen to the Father's voice.

## LESSON 18

### HOW A CHILD HELPED THE HEAVENLY FATHER CARE FOR A LITTLE SICK GIRL

(A True Story)

Reading for the Teacher: Matthew 25: 34-40

Picture to be used with this story: The Doctor, published by National Art Company.

Memory Verse: "My little children, let us not love in word, . . . but in deed."—I John 3: 18.

Rosie was a little crippled girl. When she was very little she had not been able to walk at all, but that was before some one told the mother of a hospital where little children just like Rosie could be made well. The mother had taken her there, and now she could walk

pretty well, though she could not jump and skip as the other children did. Rosie lived way up on the top floor of a big brick building, so there were no trees nor flowers on Rosie's street, not even any back yards where children could play. Rosie came to kindergarten in the morning, and all afternoon long she played in the street. There were so many children in Rosie's family, little three-year-old Angelo, Mikey, the baby, and Joe and Rocco, who were older and went to school. The mother worked hard all day, but it was often hard for her to get enough for all the children to eat.

Rosie did like to come to kindergarten. Because her legs were not strong like the other children's she had a little green rocking-chair all her own. Miss Mary had made a soft cushion for it from some pretty green cloth with red roses on it.

One morning when the children gathered on the circle, Rosie was not there. It was a cold winter day. "Perhaps it is too cold for little Rosie to-day," said Miss Mary.

At noon Rosie's grandma knocked at the door. Her face was troubled and her eyes were full of tears. She took a little piece of brown paper from under her shawl. It was a note from Rosie's mother. "Rosie's very sick," Miss Mary read; "she wants you to come." Miss Mary put the note in her apron pocket and promised the grandma that she would come just as soon as the kindergarten children had gone home.

It seemed to Miss Mary as she went down the street that it was growing very cold. She buttoned her coat

collar up close around her neck and hurried along. Soon she came to Rosie's house. The mother was waiting for her. She led Miss Mary through the kitchen, down the hall, and into the bedroom where Rosie lay on a little broken bed. It was very cold in Rosie's room. There was a stove in the kitchen, but it was old and broken, and on cold days the children had to crowd close around it to keep warm. Miss Mary looked at Rosie's little white face and felt how hot her hands were, and then she called a doctor.

"It is too cold in this room for a little sick girl," the doctor said. "We must get some kind of stove to put in the room. If she stays here in the cold she will be worse."

That afternoon Miss Mary went to some mothers and children who lived in another part of the city, where there were trees and flowers and grass and yards to play in. The children were warm and comfortable and were never hungry. She told them about little Rosie, lying very still in the cold room. The children felt sorry for Rosie, but they soon forgot all about her and went out to play. The next day when Miss Mary went to see Rosie she was worse. The doctor was there and looked very grave.

"The cold has made Rosie worse," he said. "She is very sick indeed. Unless we can get a stove in this room, I am afraid she will slip away to-night to the heavenly country."

The mother came close to Miss Mary. "I have no money for a stove," she said. "It is all I can do to get

bread for Rosie to eat. Will not the heavenly Father help me some way to keep my Rosie?"

"The heavenly Father knows all about our trouble," said Miss Mary, softly. "He does not forget. He is calling to some one to come and help you, but, oh, perhaps that one is not listening to the Father's voice and that is why the stove is so long in coming."

That night Miss Mary went again to the mothers and children that lived far from Rosie's street. "We say we love the heavenly Father," she said, "but tonight a little girl is dying because those who could send the stove have not listened to the Father's voice."

Then a mother came up to Miss Mary. "I heard the Father's voice calling," she said. "We have an old stove in our basement that I could have sent, but I thought perhaps some one else would help and then I forgot. I will go home now and we will send the stove right away."

A little child came close to Miss Mary and tucked something in her hand. "It's my birthday dollar," she said. "I was seven years old to-day. I want to send it to Rosie."

The next morning when Miss Mary climbed the stairs to Rosie's home, the mother was watching for her. Her face shone with happiness. "Oh," she said, "the heavenly Father is so good. He is so good! The stove came. My Rosie is going to get well."

Miss Mary followed the mother into the room where Rosie was lying. A stove in which a warm fire was burning stood in the middle of the room. A box near



by was piled with coal that had been bought with the birthday dollar. A sweet-faced nurse stood beside Rosie's bed.

"As soon as the stove came," she said, "we gave Rosie a nice warm bath. She is better now. She is going to get well."

## LESSON 19

### HOW A LITTLE CHILD HELPED THE HEAVENLY FATHER FEED SOME HUNGRY CHILDREN

(A True Story)

Reading for the Teacher: Matthew 25:34-40

Picture to be used in connection with this story: Just a Little More, published by National Art Company.

Memory Verse: "If God so loved us, we also ought to love one another,"—I John 4:11.

It was just twelve o'clock. All the little kindergarten children had gone home. Miss Mary stood in the doorway and watched the big brothers and sisters coming down the street from school. Many of them knew Miss Mary, because they came after school and she played games with them and told such beautiful stories. Some of the "Paul Polites," who were in kindergarten last year and were now in first grade, took off their hats to Miss Mary as they went by, and it made her very happy.

Way at the end of the line came two little sisters. Miss Mary had never seen them before. They looked so dirty and ragged, and their little faces were not smiling and rosy but very white and thin. "Perhaps

they have no mother to take care of them," thought Miss Mary. She smiled at them and reached out her hand. "Won't you come in and play with us some time?" she said. "Do you want to come in and see our pretty room? We have such happy times inside."

The two little sisters followed Miss Mary up the steps and she showed them that goldfish swimming in their glass house, the pretty red geraniums in the window, the cupboards where the dollies and picture books were kept and the picture of the heavenly Father talking to little children, that hung on the wall. Then she gave each a graham cracker and told them to come again. They said their names were Annie and Josie. There were eight other little brothers and sisters at home and the father had been sick for a long time. They came often after that, and every time they came, Miss Mary told them about the heavenly Father and how he loved little children and had promised always to take care of them.

One afternoon, when Annie and Josie came home from school, they found the mother crying. There was no bread to eat and no money to buy bread. That night there was nothing for supper but a little black coffee without milk or sugar, and when Lena came late from work, even the coffee was finished. The mother cried because she did not know what to do, and that made the baby cry, too. Annie whispered to Josie: "We know how to get bread. Let's ask the heavenly Father." They ran into the other room, and, kneeling down beside the bed (the bed where eight little children slept

every night), they told the heavenly Father all about everything, how the father was sick, and the mother was crying, and there was nothing to eat. They knew that the heavenly Father was very near and heard them, even though they could not see his face.

Running back to the mother, they cried happily: "Bread is coming, mother! Bread is coming! You'll see!"

They did not know just how the heavenly Father would send the bread, but it would surely come. They hoped it would come that night, but it didn't. The next morning they jumped out of bed and ran out to look on the kitchen table, but there was no pile of soft white loaves of bread, just a bare table. They went to school, hungry, and at noon there was still no bread. That afternoon, after school, they ran to Miss Mary to tell her all about it.

"You said the heavenly Father took care of little children," said Annie. "We talked to him last night, but he didn't hear us. Lena says there isn't any heavenly Father because we can't see him."

"The heavenly Father did hear you," said Miss Mary gently. "He hears every little child who calls his name ever so softly. But, dears, though the Father is very near, for a little while we cannot see his face as the children used to see him long ago. He cannot come through the door into your home with the bread in his own dear hands and give it to you, as he gave bread one day to some hungry people who followed him. He must call to some father or mother or little child living

here on earth to help him. As soon as he heard you, I'm sure he called to some one to help him. But oh! Perhaps that one did not listen to the Father's voice, as David and Samuel and Moses did. The Father will not forget you; he will call until some one hears his voice, and then he will tell them how he wants them to help him. Wait. Perhaps the bread will come tomorrow. To-night you can take some of our graham crackers home for supper."

The next morning, just as Miss Mary was putting on her hat and coat to go to the kindergarten, there came a knock on the door. It was Dorothy, the little girl who lived next door. She put a little box into Miss Mary's hand.

"It has a hundred pennies in it," she said. "I was saving them to buy a doll buggy, but last night it seemed just as if a whisper came in my heart and said, 'Give it to the poor children for bread.' Have you any poor children who haven't any bread?"

With a happy heart Miss Mary told Dorothy about Annie and Josie and the hungry family, and together they went to the bakery and bought ten big loaves of fresh bread. Miss Mary left it at Annie's and Josie's door on her way to the kindergarten.

At noon Annie and Josie came running down the street with happy faces. 'Bread came!' they called to Miss Mary. "Bread came this morning! The heavenly Father did send it."

"Yes!" said Miss Mary softly. "The heavenly Father's love is very wonderful, but sometimes we for-

get to listen to his voice and do his errands for him. Then people think he does not hear. I am glad that little Dorothy heard the Father's voice calling her. I am sure the heavenly Father is glad, too."



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